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LITERATURE.

The Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte.
By Eugène L. Didier. (Sampson Low & Co.)

THIS is a disenchanting book. The bulk of it consists of Mme. Bonaparte's letters to her father, describing to him her schemes, hopes, and fears in the pursuit of her rights and her ambition, her reception in European society, her impressions of the people with whom she came in contact. In one of these letters we find her urging upon her father at considerable length the necessity of keeping faith with her. She adjures him not to show her letters to anybody under any pretext. "They have been seen or heard of," he says in reply, "by no person but myself; and, to be candid with you, I would have been ashamed to expose them to anyone else." It would have been better for Mme. Bonaparte's memory if her present biographer had been moved by the same tenderness. The publication of letters laying bare her most secret motives strips all the romance off one of the few episodes in the history of the House of Bonaparte about which any romantic sentiment had been allowed to linger. The sympathy that was felt for the American wife of Jerome Bonaparte as the victim of the great Emperor's tyrannical will and the cowardly subservience of her husband must undergo a serious change from the revelation here made of her character. We can no longer think of her as the ill-used wife and heroic mother who maintained a life-long struggle single-handed against imperial power to clear her name from disgrace and secure her son's lawful inheritance. Her life, as now disclosed, is interesting and romantic enough, but it is a romance of a different kind—the romance of a heartless, calculating, intriguing, beautiful woman who played for a high stake with extraordinary adroitness and undaunted spirit, and was within an ace of being successful. Mme. Bonaparte is more a subject for M. Alexandre Dumas than for any inheritor of the spirit of the ancient Greek drama.

It was a singular chance that converted a high-spirited, impulsive girl, the daughter of a merchant in Baltimore, then a town of four thousand inhabitants, into a wildly ambitious schemer, resolved to play a leading part among the royal personages of Europe. Napoleon, believing that destiny was in love, not with himself alone, but with his whole family, had given his brother Jerome, a youth of nineteen, a command in the navy, with the full faith that he would develop a genius enabling him to cope with Lord Nelson and make the French fleets as irresistible as the French

armies. The course of his duties took Jerome to America, but the boy was made of weaker stuff than his elder brother, and spent the time which ought to have been given to the determined study of his profession in the frank enjoyment of the balls and dinners with which he was welcomed by American society. Chance led him to Baltimore, where he met Miss Patterson, and at once fell violently in love with her. The girl's ambition was kindled by his addresses. Her friends tried in vain to persuade her of the folly of marrying a Bonaparte, who would probably cast her off as soon as he reached his own country. She declared that "she would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour, than the wife of any other man for life." The articles of the marriage contract, which was drawn up at Mr. Patterson's instance for the protection of his daughter's interests when he found that she would have her own way, show that there were doubts from the first whether the union could be made valid in the circumstances according to the forms of French law. Jerome bound himself, in the event of the validity of the marriage being questioned, to execute any deed that might be necessary to give it completeness. It was further stipulated that if the marriage should be annulled "on the demand of the said Jerome Bonaparte or any member of his family," Elizabeth Patterson should have a right to a third of his "real, personal, and mixed property." The contracting parties were not left long in suspense as to the views of one member of the Bonaparte family. Napoleon had by this time conceived the idea of uniting his unmarried brothers and sisters with the Royal families of Europe, and the news of the imprudent alliance with the daughter of a Baltimore merchant filled him with anger. Jerome was ordered to return home by the first frigate sailing for France, and to return alone. Captains of all French vessels were prohibited from receiving on board "the young person with whom Citizen Jerome has connected himself." The marriage was annulled by the French Senate on the ground that it had been contracted during Jerome's minority, without the consent of his mother, and without previous publication in the place of his nativity.

The "young person" in question was probably not prepared for so prompt and overbearing an opposition to the match, but it did not intimidate her so much as her husband. She had unbounded confidence in her own powers of fascination, and believed that if she only could have an audience of Napoleon she would soon extort his consent. The ports of France being closed against her, she tried to get in as it were by the back door, and sailed with the frightened Jerome in one of her father's ships for Lisbon. But she found French soldiers awaiting her arrival, with a message from the Emperor, asking what he could do for "Miss Patterson," and informing her that she could not be permitted to land. She tried a Dutch port with a similar result. Napoleon made no response to her haughty message, "Tell your master that Madame Bonaparte is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the imperial family." She had no resource but to retire to England, where she continued

to hope for a turn of fortune in her favour, till she heard that her poor-spirited husband, who for some time kept sending her endearing messages, had married the Princess of Würtemberg, and received, as a reward for his perfidy, the crown of Westphalia. Then she returned to America, with a son who had been born while she was living near London. Jerome offered her a title and a pension. She declined his offer with scorn, but accepted a pension from Napoleon, saying that she "preferred being sheltered under the wings of an eagle to being suspended from the bill of a goose."

Thus ended Mme. Bonaparte's prospects of sharing in the glories of the First Empire. It was with no contented spirit that she resigned herself to the inevitable. Years afterwards she wrote to her father:—

"I hated and loathed a residence in Baltimore so much that, when I thought I was to spend my life there, I tried to screw my courage up to the point of committing suicide. My cowardice, and only my cowardice, prevented my exchanging Baltimore for the grave. No consideration could have induced me to marry anyone there after having married the brother of an Emperor, and I believe that to this proud feeling I owe much of the respect and consideration shown me both in America and in Europe. After having married a person of the high rank I did, it became impossible for me ever to bend my spirit to marry anyone who had been my equal before my marriage, and it became impossible for me ever to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility, and where the society is unsuitable in every respect to my tastes."

Still she lived at Baltimore for about ten years, hoping, it may be supposed, against hope. She was roused from her inactivity by an event which would have extinguished all hope in a less buoyant and determined nature—the downfall of Napoleon in 1815. In spite of the remonstrances of her father, who seems to have thought her mad, she made a very decided and very unromantic and unsentimental move. She began by procuring from the Legislature of Maryland a divorce from Jerome, fearing that he was base enough to come back to her in his fallen fortunes, and claim her money, the accumulation mainly of Napoleon's pension judiciously invested. Then she set sail for Europe, partly for the purpose of enjoying cultivated society, but partly also, it would appear, on the chance of marrying some person of rank and distinction. She explained her plans with much frankness to her father after her arrival in England. "You have always thought me a fool," she says in effect, "but you are mistaken. My conduct is perfectly sensible, and you must do everything that you can to help me."

"My misfortune and the declining state of my health have excited more interest here than in my own country, and have been a passport to the favour of the great. My talents and manners are likely to preserve their good opinion. . . . Everyone who knows me has heard that your wealth is enormous, and consequently they think that I shall have a large fortune from you. In Europe, a handsome woman who is likely to have a fortune may marry well; but if it gets about that her parents are dissatisfied with her, they will think she will get nothing by them, and if she had the beauty of Venus and the talents of Minerva no one will marry her. People here are not such fools as to marry poor

beauties, however much they may admire them. The reputation of your fortune would be a great advantage to me abroad, and I am sure you cannot object to my having the honour of it, provided you keep the substance. I beg that whatever you may think, you will say nothing and especially write nothing about me unless it be something likely to advance me. . . . I get on extremely well, and I assure you that although you have always taken me for a fool, it is not my character here. . . . Your own pride must be interested in having me the object of public esteem, and your interest is to have me placed in an elevated situation. . . . Adieu, my dear sir. I am going to dress for a ball at Lady Condague's, and am then obliged to go to one at General Trivin's. . . . All my conduct is calculated, but you will undo the effects of my prudence if you write to certain people, who show your letters. Let people think you are proud of me, which indeed you have good reason to be, as I am very prudent and wise."

Thomas Moore was introduced to Mdmé. Bonaparte, but did not like her. She was, he said, "a beautiful woman without sentiment." Such a letter as the above abundantly confirms his judgment. In another letter, written from Paris, which she visited in the winter after the Restoration, when it was crowded with notabilities, she again hints at the possibility of making a distinguished and advantageous match. But though much court was paid to her on the ground of her misfortunes, her wit, and her beauty, Mdmé. Bonaparte returned to America without having found a husband to her mind.

Her next visit to Europe three years afterwards seems to have been undertaken with the double object of escaping from the distasteful society of Baltimore and securing for her son a share in the wealth which the Bonapartes had saved from the wreck of the Empire. She was very kindly received by Madame Mère and the Princess Borghese, but, as she bitterly complains, the Bonapartes were always lavish with kind words and slow to confer more substantial benefits. A large number of the letters in M. Didier's volume are occupied with a proposal which had the approval of the family—that her son Jerome Bonaparte should marry the daughter of Joseph the ex-King of Spain. Upon this project Mdmé. Bonaparte had set her heart.

"It is my ardent wish to marry Bo to his cousin. Let nothing prevent it, as he has no other chance of being provided for. His family have certainly shown him every distinction and mark of affection in their power. He has equal rank with them, and will always be in the first society in every country; but, although his birth makes him of high rank, his fortune is not likely to correspond with it. The only way to maintain him in the only position that can be natural to his name is to connect him with his father's family by this marriage, ardently desired by them all. . . . I beg, my dear sir, you will advise Bo in this sense, and discourage all that tendency to romance and absurd falling in love which has been the ruin of your own family.

"I will never consent to his marrying anyone but a person of great wealth. He knows I can only recognise a marriage of ambition and interest, and that his name and rank require it. . . . If Joseph makes the marriage, it will be better for me to empower you to act for me, to lose no time. . . . I hope and trust, my dear sir, that you will have the goodness to attend to the security of a maintenance for the

boy, either by ascertaining that the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, promised as her marriage portion, is given in common, unfettered by trustees, or that the sum of fifty thousand be secured to him. Do not talk of the fifty until you find how they mean to arrange the hundred thousand. As to the Princess Borghese, she declares she will give nothing, either during her life or after her death. She has made the same promise to all her other nephews, and revoked it solemnly afterwards. She is quite mad."

The proposed marriage fell through, much to the anger of Mdmé. Bonaparte, and not at all to the disappointment of her son. The boy did not share his mother's views, in spite of her care in nursing his ambition. He liked American society as much as his mother disliked and despised it, and preferred his grandfather's quiet house at Baltimore to all the show and brilliant company of the palaces of the dethroned Bonapartes. He drove her wild in the end by marrying an American girl, and so destroying his chances of being recognised as a member of the imperial family, entitled to all the privileges of his birth as the eldest son of Jerome. If he had married as his mother vehemently desired, the headship of the House of Bonaparte, upon the death of the late Prince Louis Napoleon, would probably have reverted to his line. After the establishment of the Second Empire, Mdmé. Bonaparte tried in vain to get her son's rights of membership formally established. A family council decided that he was entitled to the name of Bonaparte, but excluded him from the succession. Subsequently, upon the death of Jerome, he claimed a share in the estate, and his case was argued in a court of law, but the court would not admit the validity of the American marriage. Still, if Mdmé. Bonaparte's son had married his cousin, though it might not have affected the decision of the court of law, it would have materially influenced the decision of the family council, and the great-grandson of the Baltimore merchant might now have been the head of the House of Bonaparte. And by a strange irony of circumstance, Mdmé. Bonaparte would have died only a few months too soon to see the fulfilment of her highest ambition.

There is no trace in Mdmé. Bonaparte's letters of any consciousness that, in insisting upon her son's marriage with a member of the imperial family, she was moved by precisely the same spirit as Napoleon when he repudiated her own marriage with Jerome. If this had been suggested to her, she was quite strong-minded enough to have admitted that Napoleon was fully justified in repudiating the marriage, while still maintaining that it was for her to do everything in her power to overcome his opposition. It has often been said that Elizabeth Patterson would have been a more fitting help-mate for Napoleon than for his feeble brother, and the compliment has been paid her of speculating whether his career might not have been different if he had had the counsel and support of a woman who combined rare shrewdness and prudence with many superlatively brilliant gifts. History is full of such "might-have-beens." It certainly is among the strangest of historical coincidences that a woman who was in so many respects a counterpart of Napoleon should have come so near being a

member of his House and an integral part of its fortunes. If we are to accept the testimony of these letters, there was no respect in which the Baltimore beauty more closely resembled Napoleon than in her monstrous want of the moral sense. But it would not be fair to conclude that her letters to her father give a complete picture of her character. There is apparent in them a perverse feminine desire to aggravate the old gentleman, and it is hardly credible that she could have been so coolly and unscrupulously engrossed in the pursuit of money and social distinction as she represents to him. The bitter allusion in Mr. Patterson's will to "his daughter Betsy," who "has caused him more anxiety and trouble than all his other children put together," shows that the relations between father and daughter were the reverse of cordial. We must take Mdmé. Bonaparte's boasts to him about the worldly calculation with which she regulates every detail of her conduct with a certain allowance. To Lady Morgan she wrote in a very different strain, lamenting "*mes idées romantiques et mes grandes passions*," and speaking of "a person calculated to make something of life" as being "unlike me as possible." This may, of course, have been part of her calculation and diplomacy, but, at any rate, it suggests that in Mdmé. Bonaparte's letters to her father, which are the basis of M. Didier's volume, we are far from having a complete presentation of a very remarkable and complex character. In a quotation which M. Didier gives from her will, she bequeaths to a grandson "all histories of my life written by myself, my diaries, dialogues of the dead, letters received by me from various correspondents, and all manuscripts whatever belonging to me." Are these documents still in existence? and what does M. Didier mean by saying in his preface that Mdmé. Bonaparte's letters to her father have recently been "discovered"? WILLIAM MINTO.

The Book of Dumbartonshire: a History of the County, Burghs, Parishes, and Lands, Memoirs of Families, and Notices of Industries carried on in the Lennox District. By Joseph Irving. (Edinburgh and London: W. & A. K. Johnston.)

THE second explanatory title of this work would have been sufficient, and was rendered necessary by the main one, which conveys no suggestion whatever to the ordinary mind. A book may contain anything, but the formula, "*The Book*," is unmeaning, and seems affected. This, however, is a mere question of taste, and the author had an undoubted right to call his production by any name that pleased him, and as it appears to be considered the imperative duty of a reviewer to find some fault with any work that passes under his hands, and as this is the only adverse criticism in which it is proposed to indulge in the present instance, Mr. Irving's nervous system will probably experience no severe shock by reason of this difference in regard to a matter of taste.

In the year 1857 Mr. Irving published an octavo *History of Dumbartonshire*, which, from the small number printed, has already

become scarce. Three years later he issued a quarto volume, entitled, *Dumbartonshire, Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Territorial*, and, in 1860, *A Lennox Garland*, of which a second edition appeared in 1874. Finding that his materials were not only unexhausted, but rather increased, from new sources of information thrown open to him, he has attempted to incorporate, in the three handsome quarto volumes before us, "a permanent record of what the county is in its social, official, and business relations," and to "combine the special attractions of an elegant table-book for the drawing-room, and a useful companion in the library." That he has creditably fulfilled the task he set himself, in all these particulars, may be at once conceded. Typographically the volumes cannot fail to please the most fastidious taste, and for those who do not care to encounter the historical and personal details comprised within the first two, the third will prove a perpetual source of interest and amusement, for it is almost wholly pictorial. It contains no less than thirty-three full-page portraits, and twenty views of the most remarkable private residences in the county. These are produced by the chromo-lithographic process, and are undoubtedly more effective than the more elaborate and more artistic impressions from the steel or copper-plate. The portraits, with autograph signatures in *facsimile*, are those of well-known personages, either still living or not long deceased, most of whom were eminently noteworthy, not only as men of Dumbartonshire, but also as members of the British nation. It is only necessary to say that they include representatives of the Crum-Ewings, Orr-Ewings, Colquhouns, Campbells, Dennistouns, Mathesons, Napiers, and Smolletts to show that a judicious selection has been made. To each portrait is prefixed a brief but sufficiently comprehensive biographical account of the person represented, but beyond this the third volume is purely one of illustrations, and is thus complete in itself.

The first volume is devoted to the general history of the county, commencing with the Roman occupation, A.D. 81, and ending with the most important occurrences of the year 1877. As the text comprises less than four hundred pages, it is obvious that no one subject can have been treated exhaustively, but the author appears to have omitted nothing of absolute importance. The narrative runs easily and smoothly on, and, if there are some events about which one would like to know more, there are none mentioned concerning which the reader is left in the dark. However brief and concise the story, it gives a satisfactory general idea of the matter discussed, and it is perhaps the best compliment to the author to say that, although half a dozen volumes might be compiled from the materials which he has compressed within one, they would be mere elaborations, and would perhaps leave the reader not very much wiser in the end. Some of the quaint early records of the shire, which are quoted *in extenso*, are extremely interesting, and many of them are now printed for the first time.

But the interest of general readers, at

least out of Dumbartonshire, will centre in the second volume, in which Dumbarton Burgh and the various parishes of the county are separately treated. A concise account of each is followed by the succession of ministers, whose personal history always has so much to do with that of all Scottish parishes, and this by elaborate narrative pedigrees of its principal families. Of these may be mentioned those of Noble of Ferme and Ardardan-Noble, Napier of Kilmahew, Dennistoun of Colgrain, M'Aulay of Ardincaple, Macfarlane of Arrochar, Colquhoun of Luss, and Smollett of Bonhill. This last alone occupies no less than thirty-four pages, and has been compiled from "charters, letters, and family deeds of all kinds," to which the author was granted the freest access by the present representative of the house. To those interested in this class of literature this pedigree alone will be well worth the price of the entire work. It will be news to many, perhaps to most, that the distinguished novelist of this family was baptised at Cardross by the names of Tobias-George, although he appears to have never used the second name himself, nor to have been known by it. A view of the Vale of Leven, showing the birthplace of Smollett and the monument subsequently erected to his memory, accompanies this pedigree.

As no book issued by the publishers of this work would be characteristically complete without a map, it may be said that, besides the general maps of the county, there are separate ones attached to the accounts of the respective parishes, so minute and comprehensive that a person who had never seen Scotland before, with these in his hand, could readily make his way from one locality to another, not only in each parish, but throughout the entire county.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Irving's example may find willing imitators in the other Scottish shires. Every one of a series of such books as these would be welcomed by an appreciative, if limited, class of readers south of the Tweed, even if each author chose to christen his production with the title of "The Book."

JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER.

Histoire de la Littérature contemporaine chez les Slaves. Par C. Courrière. (Paris: Charpentier.)

So long a time has elapsed since Theresa von Jacob (Talvj) published her *Historical View of the Language and Literature of the Slavic Nations* (New York, 1850), that another book on the subject was clearly wanted. Since the Crimean War there has been a growing belief in the West of Europe that these peoples are not sufficiently known, and many Englishmen feel but poorly satisfied when they hear the sweeping statements of sciologists that the Slavs have no literature and are without a history. M. Courrière, by his successful *Histoire de la Littérature contemporaine en Russie*, gave every promise of his ability to produce a useful book. This sketch, like the preceding one, is pleasantly written, with the usual French incisiveness and

vivacity, but is, unfortunately, wanting in accuracy. M. Courrière has attempted too much, and has sacrificed himself to the modern passion for *résumés* and handbooks. A work in which a man should speak *ex cathedra* about so many Slavonic languages and their literatures would obviously require a much longer time in its preparation than M. Courrière has been able to afford it. Accordingly, we find that, however useful his book may be, there are grave *lacunae* and still graver inaccuracies. Nor, indeed, does he seem competent to give an opinion upon many of the most important questions of "Slavistic." The division of these languages and their dialects on p. xv. of the preface is very inaccurate. What is the meaning of the fourfold separation of Great Russian into Muscovite, Novgorodian, Siberian, and Central? This classification is altogether confused; it omits the Souzdalian and many others recognised in the "Sketch of a Great-Russian Provincial Dictionary" (*Opyt Oblastnago velikorousskago Slovara*), published at St. Petersburg in 1852, and the Lexicon of Dahl.

The following sentence contains two singular examples of begging the question:—

"Kopitar et Miklosicz [sic], voulant démontrer la paternité du slovène, s'appuient sur la conformité de tournures grammaticales qui existe entre le slavons d'Eglise et le slovène. Mais outre que cette comparaison est tout arbitraire, car toutes les langues slaves ont plus ou moins de rapports avec le slavons de l'Eglise, il est hors de toute vraisemblance que Saint-Cyrille, né en Macédoine, ait rejeté sa langue maternelle pour se servir d'une langue étrangère" (p. 9).

Which of the Neo-Slavonic languages stands in the closest relation to the Palaeoslavonic is just the important thing to prove. Upon this the whole question hangs. Nor can we confidently assert that Slavonic was the mother tongue of St. Cyril, as there are considerable grounds for believing that he was by birth a Greek.

On p. 24 we have the Emperor Basil, who laid his hand so heavily upon the Bulgarians, called "Bolgarochton." This may, however, be a misprint. The work of M. Drinov is quoted (p. 41) in such a manner as to make us doubt very much whether M. Courrière can ever have read it. Instead of believing that the Thracians were the ancestors of the Bulgarians, the learned professor opposes the theory. I cannot help thinking our author's way of writing "Shafajik" a mistake. It would have been better to take the German form Schafarik, with which readers in the West of Europe are well acquainted. In his detestation of everything Teutonic, M. Courrière has allowed himself to be carried too far, and it is difficult to follow him when he proposes to call Thorn Torau, Danzig Gdansk, and Breslau Vroclav. Again, Agram always takes the Croatian form Zahreb (which surely should be Zagreb to be accurate), and the familiar Italian Spalatro becomes Split!

In the note on p. 95 Theresa von Jacob becomes Mdle. Jacobs, and on p. 191 Prof. Sembera, whose recent onslaught on the genuineness of the Judgment of Libusa must make his name so familiar to every Slavist, is turned into Szember. M. Courrière

shows himself but poorly read in Bohemian literature. The "Love Song of King Wenzel" and the "Song on the Vysehrad" are treated as genuine poems, although they have long since been shown to be spurious. Again, M. Courrière speaks of the *Mater Verborum* Codex without any reference to the recent discoveries of MM. Patera and Baum, who have shown that a very large number of the glosses are forgeries by a modern hand. The names of Vacerad and Miroslav have been proved to be mere inventions. A full account of these disgraceful impostures will be found in the *Bohemian Journal* and in Jagie's *Archiv* (iii., Band i.). In M. Léger's *La Bohême Historique, Pittoresque et Littéraire* (Paris, 1867), in many respects a well-written and interesting book, under the head "Grammairiens et Philologues," we have "Vacerad, l'auteur de *Mater Verborum*," which sounds rather absurd, to say the least. On p. 261 of M. Courrière's book we are told, "Doucha et Madame Niemcova écrivent des contes populaires." Bozena Niemcova, well known by her *Slovenske Povesti*, died in 1862.

As M. Courrière has already published a work on the subject, there is no mention of Russian literature in his present book. Those parts dealing with Slovak, Servian, and Polish authors are the best. The latter section is extremely well done, and the picture of the Gallicised Sarmatian of last century drawn vigorously. The remark of M. Courrière that the Poles, of all Slavonians, have invariably been the least Slavonic is essentially just. They were always aping foreign fashions, and in the wars which led to the dismemberment of the kingdom were more often fighting for the preservation of their aristocratic privileges than for national liberty. Well does Slowacki, speaking in the name of the people, although himself of aristocratic descent, cast this into the teeth of the poet Sigismund Krasinski:—

"To believe thee, son of the nobleman,
It were a virtue in us to endure slavery."

Not the least interesting part of M. Courrière's work is the account of the Lusatian Wends or Sorbs and their vigorous stand against Germanisation. A valuable essay on this people was communicated to the second volume of the *Slavonic Miscellany* (*Slavianski Sbornik*) by Michael Hornik, the present editor of the Sorbish *Literary Journal*. There is much pathos in the lines written just after the Dano-German War by one of their poets, Seiler, who died a year or so ago. Let us hope they will find an answer in the hearts of the victors. After alluding to the Sorbs who had perished in a cause with which they had in reality but little to do, Seiler thus feelingly concludes:—

"And Schleswig-Holstein freed
Now joyfully becomes German.
But what reward awaits
You, O Slavonic people?
O Germany, keep all the glory
Bought by our blood and tears,
Only keep for us our domestic liberty,
And preserve our nationality!"

M. Courrière finds room for a few words on the Kashubes, but he does not tell us in what respect their dialect is so interesting—viz., in having a system of accentuation quite different from the Polish. The editor of the

best-known Kashubish books is called Ceinow by M. Courrière, but his name appears on the title-page of his publications as Cenova. M. Courrière is certainly very unfortunate in his names. The account of the Little-Russian authors is exceedingly meagre. Hardly anything is said of Shevchenko, so justly celebrated among his countrymen; and the fine collection of Malorussian songs recently published by MM. Dragomanov and Antonovich is not even mentioned. The conclusion of the work is devoted to a consideration of Panslavism, about which M. Courrière writes very temperately, and shows how little chance there is that such visionary plans should lead to practical results. Persons in this country are slowly beginning to perceive that the idea is merely a bugbear brought forward by Russophobists for political purposes. Neither this imaginary terror nor the Berlin Treaty, about which so much nonsense has been chattered, will be able to prevent the Slavonic races from achieving their legitimate independence. "All things come round to those who only wait." Among sensible men who see through the imposture of the "autonomous" province of Roumelia, may be reckoned Kanitz, than whom no one understands these countries better. The last volume of his *Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan*, just published, may be consulted with advantage.

To conclude, M. Courrière's book contains much valuable information, and is useful as satisfying (to a certain extent) a decided want; but it is a pity that he has not made it more complete and more accurate.

W. R. MORFILL.

A Year in a Lancashire Garden. By Henry A. Bright. (Macmillan.)

In a Wiltshire Valley. By Mrs. Haughton. (Provost.)

THESE two little books have one point at least in common. Each of them is the work of a close observer of nature, but in the one case the observation has been directed to the products of the soil; in the other, to its tillers and their families. One can scarcely help saying that the former are in somewhat the better case, and that the rheumatic denizen of a damp Wiltshire valley might, *sua si mala nōrit*, envy the loving care and genial circumstances which the happy inmates of a Lancashire garden enjoy.

However, it is by the merest accident that the two books have found themselves in juxtaposition, and we need not follow further the comparison they suggest.

Mr. Bright's pleasant monograph (if we may so call it) contains a series of Garden Notes contributed by him, month by month, to the columns of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and thus they form a "record of a year's work in a garden, and of those associations which a garden is so certain to call up." It will be readily understood that in itself such a record might be very dull reading, and that, although the associations might be agreeable, they might easily be spoiled by their method of treatment. Mr. Bright has been very happy in his way of dealing with the subject. He takes us with him round his garden, points with pride and pleasure to its beauties as they in turn reveal themselves, and makes

us feel something of the interest which intelligent ownership ought always to evoke. A lively anecdote, an appropriate quotation, a classical reference which stimulates one's memory, and sometimes one's criticism also—these are always at Mr. Bright's command, and render him a very pleasant companion. With him flowers are not mere vehicles for introducing colour into a garden. In each of them, separately, a special interest is taken, and with each some particular association is connected. Mr. Bright is therefore necessarily an enemy to the ordinary "bedding-out" system, which he justly characterises as at once gaudy and monotonous, and also as being thoroughly subversive of a genuine love of horticulture. But the reaction shown in the introduction of *echeverias* and such-like plants needs direction; otherwise, we may but exchange one kind of formality for another. In the Lancashire garden the following were among the happiest combinations:—A bed of *agapanthus*, surrounded with bright yellow peacock *gazania*; a bed of scarlet *lobelia cardinalis*, edged with white ribbon-grass, and that again with blue *lobelia speciosa*; a bed of *humea elegans*, edged with the white variegated-leaved *Miss Kingsbury pelargonium*, and that again with the blue *lobelia*. Into other beds the variegated *aloe* and *aralia* were introduced as centres, and around them the more dwarf and brightly-coloured *verbenas*. A bed of mixed *antirrhinums* is often very successful, and we can strongly commend the use of *clematis Jackmanni*, trained bower-wise upon bent withies. But these are suggestions for another summer. This year we have had no sun to give its proper glory to the garden and make the hours spent among the flower-beds the pleasantest in the day. There is not much now to look forward to before indoor life again begins, and, so far as the garden is concerned, the only pleasures left to us are those of memory and hope. Both these will be enhanced by the perusal of Mr. Bright's handy volume, which, without a trace of affectation, gives ample evidence that the author's mind is as well cultivated as his garden.

In Mrs. Haughton's sketches it is rather the absence than the presence of cultivation which forms the feature of interest. Old customs, quaint expressions, simple notions, still survive in "a Wiltshire valley," whose name, we suppose, is concealed lest the charm should be broken. The English Dialect Society may, perhaps, find there a few words to add to their Wiltshire vocabulary; but Mrs. Haughton is not very strong in this branch of her subject, as the following quotation will show:—"Damp, warm weather was called *muggy*; if changeable and stormy, *cluttery* or *casualty*. A pert child would be called 'just about peart.' *Vexing*, in the sense of grieving or distressing anyone, was very common. A mother, heart-broken at the loss of a child, would say, 'I *vexes* about her terrible, I do.' The verb *to let*, in its old sense of to hinder, was much used. A mug with a handle was called a *quirk*." Most of the above expressions are common to the South and West of England, but there are two—*cluttery* and *quirk*—which do not occur in Akerman's Glossary or in the list compiled by John Britton—himself a Wilt-

shire man. The meaning and origin of the former is tolerably obvious, but we should doubt whether the latter is anything more than a local pronunciation of the familiar *quart*. There are a few amusing anecdotes and many truthful pictures of country life in Mrs. Haughton's little volume, and, if it has pleased her to place them upon record, it would ill become us to find fault with her for having undertaken the task. We could, however, wish that she had done a little more, and given us in a systematic way some further details of the Arcadia in which she was born, and which has evidently preserved to an unusual degree the characteristics of an age long past and never to return.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

THE CONVENT OF RONCESVALLES.

Reseña Histórica de la Real Casa de Nuestra Señora de Roncesvalles. Por D. Hilario Sarasa. (Pamplona.)

THE story of Roland at Roncesvalles has been told in almost every European tongue. A mass of literature both in prose and verse has gathered round it, almost equalling that which tells the tale of Troy divine. The bibliography of the *Chanson de Roland* alone requires a separate volume. Enthusiasts of Homer have wandered throughout Greece, and upturned the mounds of Hissarlik; the geography of the *Aeneid* is minutely studied by the editors of Virgil; translators of Tasso have made pilgrimages to Jerusalem; but, so far as we are aware, not one of the many editors of the *Chanson de Roland* has ever set foot within the walls of Roncesvalles. The information of the guide-books is singularly at fault. The volumes of Florez and the Chroniclers of Navarre tell us only enough to stimulate but not to satisfy our curiosity. Huarte's History is still in MS. among the archives of the convent. All welcome, then, to this little book by Don Hilario Sarasa.

Dom Moret in his *Annals of Navarre* opines that there may have been a chapel on the Col of Ibañeta, about a mile above Roncesvalles, even before the time of Charlemagne. This is far from being impossible. For Roncesvalles and Ibañeta lie upon the Roman Road from Bordeaux to Pamplona, and in the neighbourhood of the Château Pignon, which was a military post from Roman times down to the seventeenth century. Christianity often established itself firmly along a Roman road ages before it got a footing in the regions on either side, and there were certainly Christian stations on this road long anterior to the eighth century. Legendary tradition here, as elsewhere in the Pyrenees, ascribes the foundation to Charlemagne. We seem to get on firmer ground when we read of the destruction of Ibañeta by Abderahman in a raid in 912. Certainly we should judge the ruins of the chapel (which we were fortunate to see before its restoration) to be architecturally not later than the tenth century. A legend tells of the miraculous finding of the sacred image of Our Lady on the site of Roncesvalles soon after the destruction of Ibañeta. In 1006 a Bull of Pope John XVIII. begins the long series of authentic documents, and

mentions "an hospital at Roncesvalles to which men ran from the four parts of the world, and a monastery with prior, knights, and brethren." For Roncesvalles was not, as the guide-books say, merely a monastery of Augustine monks. It long existed as a separate Military Order; the Order of Roncesvalles, with its knights ("nobles de su cuna"), had its badge and banner, crest and soldiers; and not monks alone, but even women ("sorores"), wore its badge. Its members were wholly independent of episcopal jurisdiction everywhere, and held directly from the Pope. The crest of Roncesvalles unites in one figure the Cross, the crozier, and the sword. The duties of the Order were to defend the pass, to lodge and feed the pilgrim, to tend the sick, and bury the dead. The prior sat second to the Bishop of Pamplona in the Cortés of Navarre, and the copy of the Gospels on which, in the absence of the latter, the King swore fidelity to the Fueros was kept in the archives of the convent. It was only in 1137 that Roncesvalles became partially affiliated to the Augustine Order, and that the priors and canons became regular instead of secular clergy. Yet even then the oaths of poverty and obedience were far from being absolute. The profession of the canons ran: "Renuntio propriis secundum quod hactenus consuetum est in ista ecclesia." They still administered the property of the Order almost at their will, and, if they could make no regular testament, they could leave "una disposicion en memorial deprecatorio," which was usually executed by the Cabildo.

The greatest benefactor of the convent was Don Sancho el Fuerte of Navarre, the victor at "Las Navas de Tolosa" in 1212. He hung the chains that encircled the tent of the Moorish King in the new church which he built at Roncesvalles. He founded, also, a new hospital, and enriched the Order with enormous possessions and pastoral rights and freedom from toll and customs. On the north side of the high altar his effigy and that of his Queen, Clemencia, kneel in the present church, still gazing, as in the old, on the pleasing silvered image of the Blessed Virgin and her Divine Son which their piety placed above the high altar. But, though the chief, he was very far from being the sole benefactor. Kings delighted to honour Roncesvalles. It had possessions in nearly every European land; in Spain and Portugal and France, in Italy and Germany, in England, Scotland, and in Ireland; in London, in "Caringrasso [Charing Cross] junto à Londres," in Canturbel (Canterbury), and in Oxford.

"In London," we are told, "there was a long street called N. S. de Roncesvalles, in which all the houses had over their doors the ensigns of the Real Casa. At the end of the street there was a church, and over the portal three crosses in form of the Use of Roncesvalles. After all the expenses of the hospital and administration had been covered, more than four thousand ducats were remitted yearly to the Real Casa. All was lost in the time of Henry VIII."

This is the Roncesvalles alluded to by Chaucer. Many of the foreign possessions were abandoned in consequence of the burning of the title-deeds in some of the many conflagrations of the place. Fires are recorded in 1445 and

in 1468, in 1512, and again in 1626, not to mention subsequent occasions, besides the damage done by war, or by the snow, which often lies in winter two yards deep. In 1446 seems to have occurred the greatest loss of the archives. No one can wonder at these frequent fires who has seen the reckless piling up of beechen logs on the open hearths, even on a summer evening, still. At the summit of its prosperity Roncesvalles "could admit 1,000 sick within its hospitals, and it distributed annually from 25 to 30,000 rations, each consisting of a loaf of 16 oz., half a pint of wine, and sufficient soup and meat, or fish on the days of fast; the sick had chicken broth (*caldo de ave*) and mutton, medical attendance of every kind, and free interment, and after-masses, if death ensued."

After the fifteenth century Roncesvalles began to decline, mainly through a change in the mode of election of its priors. These were no longer chosen from and by the community, but from 1439 were nominated from outside the Order, by the Pope at first, and afterwards by the Kings of Spain. The priors thus appointed no longer lived upon the spot, but served at Court, and took but little interest in the Order of which they were the nominal heads. They were often useful to their Sovereign, and one of them—Francisco de Toledo—was among the ambassadors of Philip II. at the Council of Trent. The property of the Order was dissipated by their extravagance or by presents to their dependents. The valuable rights of pasturage and of freedom from toll and custom were abandoned through neglect, and the monastery seemed hastening to an early ruin. This, however, was arrested in 1542 by the Doctor Navarro, through whose exertions a tripartite division of the revenues was made, and sanctioned by the Papal Bulls of Clement VII. and Paul III. One-third was to support the hospitals and fabric, one-third the prior had, and the last the chapter. This arrangement continued until the Revolution, working with success.

In a few sentences of quiet dignity, Señor Sarasa tells the story of the fall. Roncesvalles has been saved from utter extinction by the Concordat of 1851 under Pius IX. By this agreement, the canons are again to be secular instead of regular clergy; but, unhappily, no provision was made for their subsistence, and now not one remains. The prior and a few remaining clergy still perform the usual services; and the buildings are preserved as a national monument.

It is an ungrateful task to criticise a work so modestly written as is this, and which partially supplies so great a want. With the remaining space at our disposal, we will indicate a few other points which our author, through over-diffidence, has failed to notice. No details are given of the architectural features of the place, or of the exact date of the foundation of the several buildings. None of them are of unusual beauty; but it would be interesting to be able to trace with precision the earliest pointed style in the Chapel of San Salvador at Ibañeta, then that of the twelfth century in the small but graceful Church of St. Jacques, followed by that of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in the church and cloisters founded by Don

Sancho, with their simply noble gates of beaten iron; and, lastly, that of the seventeenth century in the present church, least beautiful of all, but comprising many a detail borrowed from the earlier churches. The puzzle of the strange building called the Chapel of the Espiritu Santo, with its burial crypt, is still unexplained. It is more like the tomb of a Moslem saint than a Christian church. So far from exaggerating the artistic wealth of the church and monastery, Señor Sarasa passes by much that is of interest. The chess-board reliquary attributed to Charlemagne is a fine specimen of Limoges goldsmith's work of the fourteenth century. The little polychrome, half-length, wooden statue of the Mater Dolorosa, by Juan de Valdes, is one of those wondrous carvings which are only to be seen in Spain. The hand-printed, elephantine choir-books are well worth the glance of an amateur. A list of the legendary relics of Roland and of Archbishop Turpin, within the convent, is given; but no mention is made of Roland's burying-place at Blaye, of the wondrous horn, or the good sword Durandal, or of the many cities which claimed to possess these relics. No reference is made to Dom Moret's *Constituciones de Roncesvalles* (Pamplona, 1791), a book which we have vainly sought for years. The curious suit between the canons, comendadores, and monks as to the right of military rank, alluded to by Yanguas y Miranday, is unmentioned. Quiet and peaceful as is Roncesvalles now, we had expected to find some notice of the many wars that have raged around, and of the armies that have passed beneath its walls. On Tuesday, February 2, 1368, with "moult neige et froid," our Black Prince marched by to the field of Navarete; in the first half of the sixteenth century the troops of Alva and of French Navarre passed and re-passed in many a bloody fight. In 1638 Our Lady of Roncesvalles miraculously proved how well she deserved her name (of Roscida Vallis, "the dewy valley") by sending a fog which so baffled a French invading army that it withdrew to shatter itself under the walls of Fuente Arabia. The hospital walls are still pierced with the loop-holes made by Napoleon's soldiers in their first invasion, and again in 1813 Soult and Erlon were delayed by mists, and thus Wellington had time to reach Sorrauren. Since then two Carlist wars have passed, in the first of which the chapel at Ibañeta, which had stood so long, was burnt.

Don H. Sarasa eulogises the salubrity of Roncesvalles as a summer residence, in spite of an uncertain climate. The beech-woods round are certainly magnificent, and afford ample shade. In the neighbourhood there is a wealth of remains, from probably prehistoric times, yet unexplored. The library, of 7,000 vols., with its Chinese MSS., besides the archives, awaits a reader. The processions of Ascension week present a spectacle of earnest piety and self-denial hardly to be seen elsewhere. Roe and wild boar, and lesser deer, are to be found in the woods, and trout in the neighbouring streams. And anyone who unites the tastes of sportsman, archaeologist, and artist might do far worse than spend a couple of summer months in this far-famed ruin, or in the inns of the nearest

town, Burguete. No more courteous guide to history or antiquities can be found than the administrador contador, Don Hilario Sarasa. WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Two Miss Flemmings. By the Author of "Rare Pale Margaret." (Sampson Low & Co.)

Grace. By Henry Turner. (Tinsley Bros.)

Who is Mary? By J. A. Sherer. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

A Bunch of Shamrocks. By E. Owens Blackburne. (Newman & Co.)

THERE are some novels—and it is not unsatisfactory to see that the number of them is increasing—of which one can only say that they are good pieces of ordinary journeywork. There was a time in the last century when novels were admittedly written as works of literature of a high kind, and only as such. A novel-writer took as much pains about the arrangement and evolution of his plot as an epic poet, and attended to his language and "trimmings" generally with at least as much care as was shown by his poetical brother. But as the demand increased, and especially after the immense successes of Scott took away the reproach from novel-reading at the same time that they held up great prizes to novelists, all this was changed. Everybody wrote novels, and wrote them without the remotest reference to any academic principles whatever. The consequence has been that during the last half-century, notwithstanding the production of many memorable works, the literary standard of novel-writing has been lower than that of any other kind of authorship. Now, however, while novels of really great merit are perhaps rarer than ever, and while the thoroughly worthless novel is produced by hundreds, there seems to be a considerable class of novelists who, without possessing genius or even conspicuous talent, really know something about the rules of their profession. The author of *Rare Pale Margaret* is one of these, and one of the best of them. *The Two Miss Flemmings* is a book which nobody, we suppose, will read twice. No character in it dwells on the memory, no speech or phrase recurs to the mind, any more than do the characters or the speeches of ordinarily interesting and well-bred people with whom one has spent a week or a fortnight. We go our way and forget, unless we choose to exert our powers of remembrance, what manner of folk the two Miss Flemmings are. But while we read the book it occupies and interests us precisely as the living persons just alluded to might do. We are not irritated or bored or disgusted by it. Its plot is felt to be sufficient, its characters human, its dialect something different from that extraordinary novel lingo the like of which fortunately never issues from the lips of man or woman who lives and eats the air. It may seem that this is faint praise; in reality it is praise which cannot be accorded to more than about one in ten of the novels that are published, and cannot be accorded to most of these selected ones in anything like the measure in which *The Two Miss Flemmings*

deserves it. Mild Dorothy Flemming and impetuous Cassandra, the very natural and very odious squire who is the father of the first and the uncle of the second, Max Drayton, sinned against but not himself sinning, and all the rest of the people deserve to be made acquaintances of, all the more, perhaps, because when we leave them we do not break our hearts. It is not easy to say whether the author has it in her power to write a better book, but the reviewer would pass his life in a state of devout thankfulness if he never met with a worse.

To judge from Mr. Turner's *Grace*, he has a good deal to do before he can claim admission into the class of workmanlike novelists. Here is one of the heroine's speeches:—

"You of the sterner sex can scarcely imagine the feeling of consternation which comes over us like a summer cloud as we perceive some well-intentioned but awkward and clumsy applicant for the vacant valse approach with an unmeaning simper which gives no promise of compensatory intelligence."

Can anybody imagine the feelings of consternation which would come over him if a live young lady of the present day bestowed upon him such a sentence as this? The phrase gives no insufficient idea of the contents of *Grace*. The author has got together a considerable number of stock characters. There is the wicked lawyer who secretly gambles; the two daughters, one intelligent and self-reliant, the other beautiful and helpless, who are suddenly thrown on their own resources; the clever literary man, the sharp detective, &c., &c., &c. All these puppets are put through the well-known paces, and utter sentiments and phrases of which we have given a sufficient specimen. Poetical justice is rigidly observed, and after a time the book comes to the end of its two volumes. But in no one of its characters is there half-an-hour's life, and in no part of their fortunes is it possible to take the least interest. As the author himself seems to consider the writing of a novel as a thing to be done by an inexperienced person in a few days, the insufficiency of his own attempts is perhaps not altogether surprising. The work which Miss Grace Beaumont produced in this casual manner under the pressure of misfortune went, we are informed, through six editions in two or three years. We are afraid that a similar fortune is hardly in store for *Grace*.

Mr. Sherer has, we think, hardly done himself justice in his interrogatively titled book. It contains some well-imagined characters and a certain amount of shrewd observation. But the story is very imperfectly developed, and the characters are not allowed room enough to show themselves to advantage. It is very rare with us to find fault with any book for being too short, but this is certainly the case with *Who is Mary?* A question of mysteriously uncertain identity needs a certain complication of action to develop and settle it, and this development can hardly be given in so short a novel as this. Mr. Sherer has, moreover, crowded his stage with promising characters who are not worked out. Caroline Lister begins well, but is suddenly discarded; Aurelian Bedford ends interestingly, but has practically no beginning at all,

The motto which the author has prefixed seems to show some dissatisfaction with his work, and we should not be surprised if with more practice he turns out something much better.

Mrs. Blackburne's *Bunch of Shamrocks*—a volume of short Irish stories—is not only better than her longer novel-work, but is in itself decidedly good. The stories are of two kinds, the first being written in dialect, and the second in literary English. Of the first class—five in number—almost all are good; but the first two, "Biddy Brady's Banshee" and "The Priest's Boy," are the best. The comparison of the Irish priest's boy with the Scotch minister's man is not uninteresting to the student of what we are now told to call "racial differences." Of the second class of stories, "Denis Dhuv" and "Dick Wilkin's Adventure" are perhaps the most successful. But in truth there are not more than two or three of the fifteen tales which are not well worth the reading, either for pathos or for comedy.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Decline of Prosperity. By Ernest Seyd. (Stanford.) Mr. Seyd's statistics and arguments have a value independent of the particular purpose which he has in view. Monometallism, or the gold standard, holds in England a position which we believe will not be shaken by investigation, but it is neither fair nor rational to refuse to listen to what bi-metallists have to say. It is no less silly to try to put them down by calling them fools than it was on M. Henri Cernuschi's part to hope that England would be ruined because his *amour propre* was hurt at the slight effect his writings produced in this country. Mr. Seyd really urges some very serious and important considerations. If matters are left as they are, he gives reason for thinking that the silver-using countries in the West will be compelled to demonetise it, it being impossible that they can retain a medium of exchange constantly losing its value in international trade. All the silver of the West must then be thrown on the markets of the East, thereby enormously aggravating our present silver difficulties in connexion with India. More than three-fourths of the commerce of England, Mr. Seyd further contends, rest on a silver basis, and it is this part which has declined, a decline which he traces to the sudden arrest in the circulation of silver and the consequent fall in its value. We are surprised that Mr. Seyd does not perceive that he greatly weakens his own case by refusing to admit that other powerful causes have contributed to the depression. A manifestly one-sided argument can never produce much effect. The action of the German and American Governments, moreover, may stay the depreciation of silver, and divert the French Government from the adoption of a gold standard, though it is possible certainly that it might have a contrary effect by enabling the French to get rid of their silver. The weakest point in Mr. Seyd's case is one that meets the eye at once on both his cover and his title-page. He cites as a motto a sentence from Sir Roderick Murchison, that "Providence seems to have originally adjusted the relative values of the precious metals, and the fact that their relations have remained the same for ages will survive all theories." Historically the sentence is false; the relative values of the two metals have undergone many changes. And if Providence had settled the matter, the intervention of man in the way Mr. Seyd proposes would be needless. But however mistaken Mr. Seyd himself may

be on some matters of opinion, on matters of fact he is generally accurate, and the strongest dissentients from his conclusions will find much in this work the value of which it is impossible to question.

Tourist's Guide to the Channel Islands. By Benjamin Clarke. (Stanford.) In this series of two-shilling guides, Mr. Stanford has produced not a few which have been excellent specimens of their kind. This excellence has been due to the fact that they have been written on quite a different plan from that usually adopted, and that their writers have either been skilled topographers or else local antiquaries of the best kind. This Guide to the Channel Islands is unfortunately compiled on the old lines, and is a bad specimen even of that bad method. Mr. Clarke seems to have pieced his book together for the most part out of previous works, and, where he has not, one is rather inclined to regret his originality. His powers of architectural word-painting may be judged from his description of a church as "Gothic with buttresses and a castellated tower and spire." In front of another church he delivers himself as follows:—"It is one of the best specimens of Church architecture in the island, and when we reflect that it was erected by the liberality of the Carey family . . . our pleasure is increased." Elsewhere we learn that the soundings between Jersey and some neighbouring rocks are "so deep as to repudiate the possibility of the island having been joined to France." It is not surprising that a writer of this calibre should have not attempted or should have utterly failed to render in any way the peculiar and striking beauty of Channel Island scenery. But Mr. Clarke might at least have been accurate. As it is, his proper names are constantly misspelt; his figures (such as that which states the length of the *coupée* at Sark as 450 feet) are very misleading, and sometimes (as when he puts the length of Jersey at twenty miles) wildly wrong. He has, of course, made no attempt to indicate the numerous localities which have become classic ground through the *Contemplations* and the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, though it appears from a silly joke that the existence of the latter book at least is not unknown to him. As for his estimates of the comparative merits of the scenery he describes, we can only hope that his victims will not take them on trust. He remarks, for instance, that "it is hardly worth while to descend to the bay [it is absurd to call it a harbour] of Bec du Nez in Guernsey." Now it so happens that not only is Bec du Nez a gem in itself, but it is more characteristic of the peculiar scenery of the archipelago than any other single place. The slope of the ground arrested at a sharp, short cliff, instead of continuing to the sea level, the *creux*, or shafted cavern, close at hand, distinguish these little bays from a Devonshire or Cornish "mouth" just as the central rivulet and the granite rocks remind the visitor of the latter. But such points as these are lost on guides such as Mr. Clarke.

Plodding On. By H. Curwen. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) Mr. Curwen, as his *Love in London*, if not his *Sorrow and Song*, showed, is a bookmaker with a faculty of being something better; indeed, a bookmaker who is too good for his trade. In these sketches, however, which are obvious attempts to catch some of the sun of popular favour which shines on Dr. Smiles, he has relapsed into bookmaking pure and simple. They are mere *réchauffés*, quite honest and avowed, of different books which suit the purposes of what the Italians call a *selfelpista*. Peabody, Kitto, Chambers, Knight, Hugh Miller, &c., are the subjects of the sections. For one of them—that on Hugh Miller—Mr. Curwen thanks "A Kind Contributor." The thanks had better have accompanied the return of the "kind contributor's" contri-

bution, which contains some of the greatest absurdities we have ever read. Hugh Miller's death was pathetic, his life interesting, and much of his work delightful. But to say that his articles in the *Witness* "possessed the Attic grace and completeness of articles in the *Spectator*, with the additional attraction of exhibiting greater grasp and vigour of thought," is simple nonsense. When the kind contributor says that *Footprints of the Creator* "completely demolished the development theory," he merely shows that he is talking about something which he does not understand. Mr. Curwen's own contributions are much better. He might, however, have left out the article on Abraham Lincoln with no small advantage.

Memorials of T. Godfrey-Faussett. (James Parker and Co.) These *Memorials* of the kindly and learned antiquary of Canterbury consist of hymns translated by Mr. Faussett from the English into rhyming Latin verse. The little volume, issued in a limited impression, with the paper and binding of an *édition de luxe*, is prefaced by the "Personal Recollections of a Friend," whose signature, W. J. L., with a reference to the Chapel Royal, Savoy, identifies the writer. The work left by Mr. Faussett as an archaeologist is moderate in compass, but of rare accuracy and completeness within its own limits. During his long illness he still toiled on indefatigably; and still his happy spirit showed itself in pun, and jest, and rhyme, as often in Latin as in English. Almost in his last hours he translated the words of the hymn for children, "Jesus, tender Shepherd," of which we copy the first verse:—

"Jesu, Pastor o tenelle,
Agno procul huic dispelle
Quicquid sit periculum;
Per tenebras esto quies,
Te propinquo, donec dies
Repetet cubiculum."

A charming picture is presented in the "Recollections" of Mr. Faussett's library, the room over the Norman Gateway of Canterbury, one of the oldest inhabited rooms in England, in which were collected "tall copies of rare books, illuminated pictures, carvings, quaint furniture, Anglo-Saxon relics;" the perfume of lime-blossoms and the hum of bees stole in through the open windows, and the Cathedral bells chimed the divisions of the hours. To Mr. Faussett we owe the article on "Canterbury" in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Sammlung Altenglischer Legenden grössentheils zum ersten Male herausgegeben. Von C. Horstmann. (Heilbronn: Henninger.) The collection consists of two parts—first, the Vernon MS. fragment of a metrical translation of some legends from the *Legenda Aurea*; secondly, a number of unconnected legends from various quarters, including an *Infancia Salvatoris* (MS. Harl. 3954, fol. 70), *Canticum de Creatione, S. Magdalena, Marina, Eufrosyne, Cristyne, Dorothe, Robert of Cisyle*, and others. The volume, which is one of many tokens of the zeal with which German scholars pursue the study of Early English, is dedicated to Mr. F. J. Furnivall.

MESSRS. COLLINS have added to their series of "School and College Classics" *King Henry V.* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, edited by Samuel Neil; *Coriolanus*, edited by James Colville; *King John*, edited by the Rev. F. G. Fleay; and *Bacon's Essays*, t. —xxxii., edited by the Rev. Henry Lewis. Mr. Neil's prefaces are the careful work of a well-read Shakspeare scholar. Credit is due to Mr. Colville for the attention which he pays to the subject of Shakspeare's versification. Here he goes for the most part under the guidance of Mr. A. J. Ellis. It is a pity that Mr. Colville has, in a large measure, neglected his opportunity of letting students

see for themselves how Shakspeare used North's Plutarch for dramatic purposes. Mr. Fleay reprints with Shakspeare's *King John* the *Troublesome Reign of King John*. This old play, he supposes, was written with special reference to the Spanish Armada, and appeared as a rival play to the *Famous History of Thomas Stukeley*. Shakspeare's *King John* was, in Mr. Fleay's opinion, "in like manner written with a view to the second projected Spanish invasion of England in 1595." The most interesting feature of Mr. Lewis's edition of Bacon's *Essays* is the analysis appended to each essay. Bacon's essays lend themselves to this kind of treatment, which is of use in such an edition as the present in directing the attention of students to the mode of their construction.

MR. W. J. ROLFE's editions of single plays of Shakspeare, published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, New York, take a high place among the texts edited for school and college use. The notes are scholarly in matter and clear in style. The verbal and textual study of the play does not preclude some attempt to help the student in an effort to comprehend it as a work of art. Paper and type are delightful to the eye, and such persons as admire the illustrations of Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare will be pleased to find some of them reproduced in Mr. Rolfe's editions. To the plays already published he has recently added *As You Like It* and *King Henry V.*

A THIRD recent edition of *King Henry V.* is that of Dr. W. Wagner (Berlin: Weidmann). The editor's name assures us that the work is executed with competent knowledge and scholarly accuracy. Dr. Wagner's notes—printed at the foot of the page—are short, clear, and to the point.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT have in the press *Godwyn's Ordeal*, a novel by Mrs. J. K. Spender, and *Records of a Stormy Life*, by the author of *Recommended to Mercy* and other successful novels.

MR. H. SWEET's collective edition of the oldest remains of the English language, which will be published by the Early English Text Society, is nearly ready for press. It will include all the texts earlier than Alfred's time, grouped chronologically and by dialect, and will be accompanied by a very full glossary and grammar. All the texts will be taken directly from the MSS. For this purpose Mr. Sweet has obtained the loan of various MSS. from Continental libraries, among them the Epinal glossary, which is probably the oldest specimen of English in existence. The proper names in Bede will be given from four MSS. The Runic inscriptions will be transcribed into ordinary letters on a uniform system. All the English Charters preserved in contemporary vellums will be printed in full, the boundaries of the oldest West-Saxon Charters (going back to 778), which were suppressed by Kemble, and the proper names being also given.

THE second volume of Dr. Baur's *Church History of the First Three Centuries* will be issued to subscribers in the course of the next fortnight. It forms the twentieth volume of the "Translation Fund" series, of which Messrs. Williams and Norgate are the publishers.

MR. R. E. PEACH has reprinted from the *Bath Chronicle*, under the title of *The Bath Abbey Library, with Notes thereon*, two letters on the subject of the collection of books in the abbey. An abortive attempt was made some twelve years ago to rescue these volumes from obscurity and decay, and we hope that the effort now directed by Mr. Peach may meet with the success it deserves. The present rector has proposed to place the library in Prior Birde's Chapel; but it

certainly seems desirable on all grounds that the offer made on behalf of the Free Public Library—which provides for its use and safe custody, its insurance to its full value, and its restitution to the parish if the institution prove ultimately unsuccessful—should be accepted, and accepted promptly. The library, it may be added, was begun by Bishop Lake during his episcopate, 1616-24, and received accessions from Lord St. John, Sir William Waller, Henry Chapman, Prynne, Sir Lancelot Lake, Anne Duchess of Monmouth, Bishop Creighton, Sir Richard Graves, Guidott, Ashmole, and Bishop Ken, the date of the last benefaction being apparently about 1715. Many of the books are in bad condition, while some are irreparably injured, and it is certainly most desirable for the credit of the city that a stop should be put to the further progress of the mischief as speedily as possible. We shall be glad to hear that Mr. Peach's recommendations have been carried out.

MESSRS. W. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN and ALLEN have in the press, to be published early in September, *Sporting Sketches at Home and Abroad*, by "Bagatelle."

IT is proposed to publish, at Cracow, from January 1 next, a periodical in the French language, to be entitled *Revue des Littératures Slaves*. It will be edited by M. Jules Mein, who is already favourably known as a translator of Slavonic poetry. The *Revue* will be devoted principally to criticisms of Russian, Polish, and Bohemian authors.

THE death is announced of Miss Elizabeth Taylor, author of *Blindpits*, *Quieter*, &c., and of numerous contributions to periodical literature.

THE Boston *Journal of Chemistry* quotes the following instance of an old superstition lingering where one would scarcely have expected to find it from a recent number of the *Waco (Texas) Examiner* :—

"Dr. B. F. Groves, the druggist, yesterday paid Mr. Weir, of Brown County, the round sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for a stone—reputed to be a veritable mad stone. Mr. Weir, we are told, found the stone in the stomach of a deer, in Arizona County, several years ago, and we are further informed that it never fails to extract the poison of mad dogs, snakes, tarantulas, and other venomous reptiles, insects, and animals. The doctor will keep the stone at his store, for the benefit of anyone who may wish to test its virtues."

WE learn from the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* that M. Cordella, one of the Greek Commissioners at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, has just published a book on *Athens Examined from the Hydraulic Point of View*. The work is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the topography of Athens and its geological and mineralogical features; while the second contains a history of hydraulics in antiquity.

AT a recent meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, M. Weil read a paper on a papyrus found in the Serapeum at Memphis which is attributed to the first half of the second century B.C. It contains fragments of the Greek poets, among which M. Weil believes that he has discovered a continuous passage of forty-four lines from Euripides, hitherto unknown, two fragments of Aeschylus, one from a comedy, and two epigrams of the Alexandrine age. This papyrus will immediately appear in the *Annuaire de l'Association pour l'Avancement des Etudes Grecques*.

A CORRESPONDENT points out that the Old-French *bigot* occurs (as a surname) considerably before Wace's time, Roger *Bigot*, founder of the house of Norfolk, being often mentioned in the Domesday Book. Even this is not the earliest instance, for Mr. Planché (*The Conqueror and his Companions*, vol. ii., p. 54) notes that Robert le *Bigod*, father of Roger, was a witness to the foundation of St. Philibert-sur-Risle in 1066.

PROF. KOVALEVSKY, of the University of Moscow, editor of the *Russian Critical Review*, has just published a book on the Causes, Progress, and Results of the Downfall of Communal Property in Land. He has been collecting materials for many years at the British Museum, the Library of the India Office, and the National Library in Paris, as well as in Russian libraries. Prof. Kovalevsky's earlier work, on the History of English Local Institutions, is already known to readers of the ACADEMY.

KARL BLIND has an article on "Alliteration in England" (*Der Stabreim in England*) in the *Berlin Gegenwart*, containing a sketch of that verse-form from the days of the *Beowulf* epic, and of Caedmon, to the latest times, with references to the writings of Prof. Skeat, Dr. Latham, Prof. Henry Morley, and Dr. Hyde Clarke.

WE learn from the *Empire* that the Hon. Mr. Drummond, the announcement of whose death has just been received, was a younger son of Viscount Strathallan, and was born in 1845. He was the author of the well-known work on *The Large Game of South Africa*, and has contributed many valuable articles to the newspapers upon South African matters (chiefly sport), his papers in 1876 and 1877 containing accounts of Cetywayo and his surroundings. On the breaking-out of the Zulu war, he was attached to the staff, and his great local knowledge and thorough acquaintance with the native language proved of invaluable assistance, part of his information being included in the official *précis* of information on Zululand.

MESSRS. JAMES PARKER and Co. send us a second edition of Mr. Macdormott's translation of Viollet-le-Duc's *Military Architecture*. Mr. J. H. Parker contributes a preface, in which he states that the reason for this re-issue is that he "cannot help seeing how useful it would be for the officers of the English army in Zululand and other parts of South Africa, and in the savage parts of India, wherever the well-disciplined troops of civilised nations come in contact with savages."

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* contains the first part of an article by Mr. Swinburne, on "The Historical Play of *King Edward III.*," maintaining the opinion of Knight and other English critics that Shakspeare's hand is not discernible in the play, but that the unknown author was influenced by Shakspeare, and also by Marlowe and Peele. We incline to side with the critics among whom Mr. Swinburne ranges himself, although the evidence, which is wholly internal, can never be decisive one way or the other. It cannot be said that Mr. Swinburne adds anything material to the discussion except the expression of his opinion. He seems to be unaware that conclusions similar to his own were ably maintained some years since by Herr von Friesen, and that Ulrici is now of the same belief. The paper is disfigured by outbreaks of petulance, in a style which we should suppose can please only the more juvenile of Mr. Swinburne's admirers.

THE Archbishop's Library, Lambeth Palace, will be closed for six weeks from the end of August.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN and Co.'s announcements for the coming season include :—*England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits*, by T. H. S. Escott; *The Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, by Robert Hunter, Vol. I.; a translation of De Amicis' *Morocco: its People and Places*, by C. Rollin-Tilton; *Christ bearing Witness to Himself*, by the Rev. Dr. G. A. Chadwick; *The Patriarchs*, by the Rev. Dr. W. Hanna and the Rev. Canon Norris; *The Music of the Bible*, by Dr. Stainer; *With the Armies of the Balkans and at Gallipoli in 1877-78*, by Lieut.-Col. Fife-Cookson; *Animal Life*, described and illustrated

by Prof. E. Perceval Wright; *The Wild White Cattle of Great Britain*, by the late Rev. John Storer, M.A., edited by his son; *Natural History of the Ancients*, by the Rev. W. Houghton; *A Year's Cookery*, by Phyllis Browne; *The Practical Pigeon Keeper*, by Lewis Wright; *The Sportsman's Year Book for 1880*; *Living Pages from Many Ages*, by the author of *Bright Sundays*; *Little Hinges*, by Madeline Bonavia Hunt, illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards; *Careless Kysts, and other Stories*, by the late C. Marshall; *A Commentary for Schools*; *Matthew Mellowdew*, Paul Meggitt's *Delusion*, *A Man Every Inch of Him*, and *Peter Pengelly*, by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray; *Rays from the Realms of Nature*, by the Rev. James Neil, &c.

ONLY AN INSECT.

On the crimson cloth of my study desk
A lustrous moth poised statuesque;
Of a waxen mould were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold its body was draped;
While its luminous wings were netted and veined
With silvery strings or golden grained,
Through whose filmy maze in tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays of the gladsome light.

On the desk hard by a taper burned,
Toward which the eye of the insect turned.
In its dim little mind a faint desire
Rose undefined for the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread each silken van,
Then away it sped for a moment's span,
And a vague delight lured on its course
With resistless might toward the central source.
And it followed the spell through an eddying maze
Till it staggered and fell in the scorching blaze.

Dazzled and stunned by the blinding pain,
One moment it swooned, then rose again;
And again the fire drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre in its awful arms;
And now it lies on the table here,
Before my eyes, shrivelled and sere.

As I sit and muse on its fiery fate,
What themes abstruse might I meditate!
For if only I in my simple song
Could tell you the *why* of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore or of wisest sage.
And the pangs that thrilled through its tiny frame
As its senses were filled with the deadly flame
A riddle enclose that, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose no seer has read.
"But a moth," you cry, "is a thing so small!"
Ah, yes; but why should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob for the vaguest smart
One moment throb through the tiniest heart?
Why in the whole wide universe
Should a single soul feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes of mightiest mind,
Or the heaviest woes of humankind,
Are of deeper weight in the riddle of things
Than that insect's fate with the mangled wings.

GRANT ALLEN.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

WE hear that the rainfall in New Guinea has this season been unusually heavy, and that the climate has consequently been very fatal to Europeans newly arrived in the island. The only intelligence with regard to exploration is that Capt. Redlick is at East Cape, obtaining specimens of natural history, while Mr. Andrew Goldie is at South Cape, collecting botanical and other specimens.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Governor-General of Mozambique has agreed to a joint action of the British and Portuguese forces with the view of rooting out the slave-dealers who are known to be carrying on their inhuman traffic up one of the rivers on that coast. It may be hoped that the adoption of this course will tend to relieve an uncomfortable feeling which prevails as to the action of the Portuguese in the interior of Africa,

GEN. M. BUTT HEWSON has just published (Toronto: Boyle) a brochure entitled *Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway*, which is of interest in view of the present action of the Dominion Government. The writer, who is an experienced engineer, expresses a decided opinion that a mistake has been made in the mode of exploration, and that it has not been calculated to ensure the selection of the best possible route for the line.

A PRIZE has been offered in British Guiana for the best essay on the cultivation of the bamboo, with practical suggestions as to the best means for laying out, cropping, and cultivating a plantation, such plantation being on a scale capable of supplying a factory annually with 5,000 tons of young stems for paper-stock.

WE hear that Mgr. Ridet, who has been for many years past engaged in missionary work in Corea, and whose long imprisonment in that country has been mentioned in the ACADEMY, is now in Japan, and is about to publish a *Corean-Latin Dictionary* at Yokohama. It will, we believe, be the first work of its kind ever issued.

A CLUB has been formed in India somewhat on the plan of the Alpine Club. Its members propose to undertake the ascent of the highest peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, and especially of the Great Dwalagiri, the altitude of which is said to exceed 28,000 feet above the sea-level.

THE August number of the *Alpine Journal* is exceptionally interesting. Mr. James Eccles describes a trip into the Rocky Mountains, in the course of which he ascended Fremont's Peak, and had an opportunity of examining a few glaciers still hanging upon the eastern slopes of the mountains, but rapidly disappearing. Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge discusses the vexed question of "The Saracens in the Alps." His paper bristles with quotations, and Mr. Freshfield has been convinced that these marauders penetrated as far as Rhaetia (St. Gall) and ravaged it repeatedly. But he still doubts their occupation of the Saas Valley, and utterly rejects the Arab derivation of its geographical nomenclature.

"STUDIEN über das Klima der Mittelmeerlande," by Theobald Fischer, published as a supplement to Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, is an important contribution to the meteorological literature on the countries surrounding the Mediterranean. The concluding chapter, in which the author deals with the climatic changes supposed to have taken place since the dawn of history, is more especially interesting. The author does not consider that the climate of the countries to the north of the Mediterranean has undergone any such changes or modifications as would prevent their recovering the position they held in antiquity. The rainfall is still the same in amount, although rather differently distributed owing to the destruction of the forests, and it amply suffices for the requirements of agriculture. Very considerable changes, however, have gone on to the south of lat. 34° N., where the sub-tropical zone borders upon a region of rainless steppes and deserts. In these countries the rainfall was more considerable in ancient times than it is now. Vast tracts have become uninhabitable, the desert is ever encroaching upon the steppe, the springs supplying the oases are drying up, and the larger mammals are retiring to more congenial regions. The planting of forests might stay this deterioration of the climate. The proposed inland sea to the south of Algeria will only exercise a local influence. An examination of the maps accompanying this paper clearly shows this.

THE committee of the International African Association have recently instructed M. Cambier, the leader of the first Belgian expedition, to push on beyond Lake Tanganyika to the

Manyema country, and to found the second station at Nyangwe, on the Lualaba or Congo, some 300 miles north-west from the shore of the lake opposite to Ujiji. It is this point, no doubt, that the steam flotilla, which the association have despatched up the River Congo from the west coast, will endeavour to reach. The task is a difficult one, but its attempt has probably been advised by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who left Sierra Leone on August 1 for the mouth of the Congo to join the *Barga* expedition. The second Belgian expedition, under M. Popelin, which commenced its march from the east coast in the middle of July, has been directed to establish the first station on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, in a bay some little distance to the south of Ujiji.

MR. DONALD MACKENZIE has returned to England for a time from Cape Juby, in North-Western Africa, whence, as we have before noted, he hopes to establish a trade with the Soudan. During his short stay many people came from distant parts to enquire about trading, and they stated that there were numerous animals of all kinds in the interior, and that the country is very fertile.

THE French contemplate "tapping" the Soudan in a different way from that proposed by Mr. Mackenzie, their idea being to construct a Trans-Sahara Railway to connect Algeria with the River Niger. The President of the Republic has just appointed a commission to conduct preliminary investigations. Exploring expeditions are to be despatched to report on the topography, climate, resources, and inhabitants of some parts of the Soudan, and surveys of the country are to be made simultaneously from Algeria and the Senegal.

OBITUARY.

SIR R. R. VYVYAN, F.R.S.

IN a fine old castellated house, of a character almost unique in Cornwall, in the Lizard district, there has lived in the strictest seclusion for the last quarter of a century an English gentleman who at one time was considered a candidate for the Premiership of England. Sir Richard Rawlinson Vyvyan, the owner of Trelowarren, who died on the 15th inst., was the eighth baronet in the family, the first possessor of the title having received the honour in 1645 as a reward for his exertions as Master of the Mint at Exeter to Charles I., and in part payment of the money which he coined at Trelowarren to supply that King's necessities. Sir R. R. Vyvyan was born on June 6, 1800, and was educated at Harrow. He was returned to Parliament as one of the two members for the county of Cornwall many years before the Reform Bill, and at once took a prominent part in the debates of the House. When Lord John Russell brought in his first Reform Bill of 1831 Sir Richard Vyvyan was selected as the champion for the Tories in moving its rejection. The second reading was carried by a majority of one, but the Whig Ministry was subsequently defeated on a side issue. When the boom of the artillery announced the approach of the King for the purpose of proroguing Parliament with a view to its immediate dissolution, Sir Richard was engaged in a furious diatribe against the Government, and, if Charles Greville's testimony can be accepted, the work "was very well done" in spite of his excitement. In the General Election which ensued he was driven from the representation of Cornwall by a decisive majority, and forced to take refuge at Oakhampton, where the influence of the owner of Oaklands reigned supreme. As this insignificant borough lost its right of sending members to Parliament, Sir Richard Vyvyan wooed the constituency of Bristol and was triumphantly

elected. From 1837-41 he was out of Parliament, but sat for Helston from the latter year until 1857. Although unswerving in his attachment to the principles of Toryism he was far from being a subservient supporter of his party. A letter of Macaulay's written in 1843 expressed the opinion that the Tory party would be broken up into three factions, that "which stands by Peel, the faction represented by Vyvyan and the *Morning Post*, and the faction of Smythe and Cochrane." Sir Richard Vyvyan was probably the only Conservative member who voted against the repeal of the Corn Laws and in the majority which defeated the first Derby-Disraeli Ministry of 1852. For some years before this last date he had taken little part in the deliberations of the House, and after the dissolution of 1857 he did not seek re-election. In early life he dabbled in science, and in 1825 printed for private circulation *An Essay on Arithmo-Physiology*, which purported to be "A Chronological Classification of Organised Matter." A subsequent volume, entitled *Psychology; or, a Review of the Arguments in Proof of the Existence and Immortality of the Animal Soul* (1831), was suppressed immediately after publication, and a bibliographer may think himself fortunate if he lights upon a copy of either of these works. It was no doubt the recollection of this longing after scientific study that caused him to be included in the list of authors of the notorious *Vestiges of Creation*. Sir Richard Vyvyan printed several letters and speeches on political subjects, many of which attracted considerable attention. Even in retirement he was an omnivorous student of politics and literature, and gradually formed a fine library at Treloarren. He was one of the oldest Fellows of the Royal Society, having been elected in 1826.

W. P. COURTNEY.

MR. GEORGE LONG.

By the death of George Long, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, a scholar has been taken away whose reputation was scarcely equal to his industry and his erudition. Born at Poulton in Lancashire in 1800, he was educated at the Old Grammar School of Macclesfield, which is chiefly known for having produced the Lord Chancellor who took his title therefrom. At Trinity College, Cambridge, his great competitor was Macaulay, with whom he was bracketed as Craven Scholar. Tradition has also preserved his fame as an athlete. Long obtained the Chancellor's Medal over Macaulay's head, and in due course was elected fellow of his college. Almost immediately he went out to America as professor in the University of Virginia. The foundation of London University in 1825 brought him home to England, and henceforth he took a leading part in all the schemes of educational reform advocated by its founders. From 1826 to 1831 he was himself Professor of Greek in the new university; and from 1842 to 1846 Professor of Latin in its successor, University College. Meanwhile, he had been called to the bar in 1837, and was appointed to deliver a three years' course of lectures on jurisprudence and the civil law in the Middle Temple Hall. In 1849 he retired to Brighton College, then newly opened, where he actively performed the duties of Classical Lecturer until 1871. The considerable measure of success attained by that school was in no small degree due to his energetic style of teaching, *sine ulla solennitate*, which was eminently calculated to stimulate the enthusiasm of willing pupils.

But it is as a man of letters rather than as a teacher that George Long is best known to the present generation. He threw himself heart and soul into the movement inaugurated by Brougham and others which took shape in the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

For that society he edited the *Quarterly Journal of Education* and superintended the publication of the twenty-nine quarto volumes of the *Penny Cyclopaedia* (1833-46), and also commenced the *Biographical Dictionary*. The first work that he published in his own name was a translation of the *Lives of Plutarch* (1844). This was followed by a long list of works which it would be tedious to enumerate. The best-known, perhaps, are the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*, the *Decline of the Roman Republic*, and the *Classical Atlas*. In conjunction with his colleague at Brighton, Mr. Maclean, he started the *Bibliotheca Classica*, to which he himself contributed the standard edition of Cicero's orations, and school editions of Caesar and Sallust. He was also one of the most extensive and most valued contributors to Dr. Smith's series of classical dictionaries. In learning he had few equals among his contemporaries, but he failed somewhat in the art of making himself interesting to the general reader. If his life cannot be called complete, it was yet eminently useful, and worthy of one who did his best to popularise classical studies outside his own university.

JAS. S. COTTON.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris: Aug. 15, 1879.

The French Academy, which had of late been distinctly gaining ground in public estimation through the election of MM. Renan and Taine, has speedily exposed itself to fresh criticisms and fresh gibes by the discussions arising out of the Jean Reynaud prize of the value of 10,000 frs. These prizes, it must be confessed, are one of the plagues in the life of an Academician. Instead of founding some valuable exhibition to help young men of a studious turn to engage in research or to travel, or of bequeathing legacies to schools or charitable institutions, wealthy people have a mania for willing sums of money to Academies, to be awarded in prizes, with the most absurd conditions annexed. Such are M. de Monthyon's prizes of virtue, the Gobert prize for the most eloquent historical work, the Corot prize for the best landscape of a size which is fixed beforehand, and the Jean Reynaud prize for the most original literary work published during the previous five years. If the literary public had been entrusted with the selection of a candidate, it would have had several to bring forward. Within the bosom of the Academy, M. Taine has just made a vigorous effort to re-write the history of the French Revolution. We cannot accept his conclusions, but neither can we dispute the power and originality of his work on *Les Origines de la France contemporaine*. Outside the Academy, a writer who, by-the-by, is quite worthy of a seat in it, M. Fustel de Coulanges, in his book on *Les Institutions de l'ancienne France*, has tried to explain, in a manner widely at variance with generally received ideas, the formation of French society in the Middle Ages. This, too, is a work of the highest value and of the most undeniable originality. Or, if we were to look among works of the imagination, without speaking of M. Zola, upon whom the Academy could not think of bestowing its rewards, has not M. Alphonse Daudet created in *Le Nabab* an entirely new genre of novel by the scrupulously faithful painting of contemporary history combined with an exquisitely sensitive romantic element? And has not M. Sully Prudhomme enriched France with a philosophic cast of poetry which André Chénier alone had dimly imagined and essayed before him? *Le Zénith*, *La Justice*, are works which have no parallel either in France or abroad, and in which science, poetry, and philosophy are united in an artistic form of the highest beauty. The French Academy, which is regarded as the highest literary tribunal, did not seem to suspect that its appearance was a

literary event of great importance, and absolutely entertained for a moment the idea of awarding the Reynaud prize to M. de Legouvé's *L'Art de la Lecture*—that is, to a pleasing, cultivated, and slight work, in which the very quality most distinctly wanting is that of originality. However, the Academy recoiled at seeing the unmeasured laughter provoked by the mere idea of such a selection, and finally settled on M. de Bornier, author of *La Fille de Roland*. Yet it is by no means originality that is the distinguishing mark of this well-written, interesting, and eloquent drama, but the author is poor, and this reason seems to have turned the scale with the Academy; so that prizes intended to elicit literary masterpieces are devoted merely to charitable purposes.

Since the death of Ste. Beuve, it would almost seem as if there were nobody left in France who could indicate to the public the comparative value of books and men. Literary criticism is almost dead, and the Academy is but a poor substitute. A new book dealing with Ste. Beuve has just revived our regret, though it does not always show him in his most attractive aspects. M. Pons, under the title of *Ste. Beuve et ses Inconnues* (Ollendorff), has written a record of the most private circumstances in the life of the great critic, a somewhat indiscreet biography which reveals all his faults and all his weaknesses. These are described by M. Pons with a vulgarity of style and of thought which renders them all the more repulsive. But in spite of all this, M. Pons knew him thoroughly, and he brings out forcibly Ste. Beuve's literary honesty, which always remained intact, and his passion for things intellectual, which always restored him to his better self after occasional sallies which were wholly unworthy of the man. The central point of the work is the passionate attachment which existed for many years between Ste. Beuve and Victor Hugo—his only attachment of any importance from a literary point of view, for it is the only one which exercised any influence over his criticisms and tendencies. In fact, he constituted himself for this period the standard-bearer of Romanticism, the herald of Victor Hugo's glory, and his poems as well as his articles bore the impress of a certain Catholic mysticism which made the presence felt of a pious woman's soul. A collection of verse which has not been published was the fruit of this passion. M. Pons gives long extracts, some of which are genuinely beautiful. Ste. Beuve's relations with M^{me}. d'Arbouville, who exercised over him an influence less enthralling, possibly, but more durable and more ennobling, likewise forms the subject of a very interesting chapter. The reader suffers with him when his friend, who had sought refuge in ideas of narrow and ascetic piety, refused on his death-bed to grasp once more the hand of him who for ten years had lived only for her. M. Pons gives us also numerous details of Ste. Beuve's failings, of his life in Switzerland, of his mode of working, of his political sentiments; and if he does not succeed in setting a halo of sympathy round the sardonic and disenchanted head, he at least inspires us with a deep esteem for the conscientious worker, for the lucid and incisive intellect, with its passion for clearness and truth, its hatred for hypocrisy and charlatanism in all their forms, ever ready to give to any new and rising talent the support of his advice, of his public recommendation, and of his great authority.

If he considered that in 1843-1846 French literature was growing feebler day by day, he would be still more distressed at the present time. Interesting appearances are rare in the literary world. Novel-writing especially is sinking to inventions as weak as they are disgusting, and neither M. Ninous' *L'Empoisonneuse* (Charpentier), nor Hector Malot's *Le*

Docteur Claude (Dentu) contains anything to raise it above the current commonplace. A few vigorous scenes in *Le Docteur Claude*, a few subtle observations, do not suffice to atone for the fundamental weakness of the conception. The best two works which have appeared within the last few weeks are by foreigners. *Un Coin de Village* (Lemerre) is by a Belgian author. The subject is not one of any great importance; it is a very ordinary story of love and jealousy; but the painting of rustic manners, which is the real object of the book, is frank, picturesque, and full of colour. *Un Mariage extraordinaire*, by M. Luigi Gualdi (Lemerre), is a more ambitious work, and it is astonishing that an Italian should have learnt to handle the French language with such ease, and that none of the most delicate shades should escape him. The very basis of the novel is highly original. A young girl, who is being forced by her family into an odious marriage, meets a man of the world, who is *blasé*, indeed, but possesses generous instincts, and who, in order to save her, offers to marry her for form's sake, without regarding her in any other light than that of a friend and sister. But once married, living in the society of a charming, pure, and intellectual woman, he falls in love with her, becomes timid and trembling in her presence, and only thinks of making a conquest of her of whom he regards himself as unworthy. Little by little, by dint of true passion, of delicate tenderness, of graceful ingenuity, he accomplishes his purpose, and banishes from the young woman's heart the image of a first love for a man who, though of excellent qualities, had not the refined and winning charm of his successful rival. This difficult subject, which required a light and unerring touch, has been treated with rare dexterity by M. Gualdi, whose first attempt is full of the most brilliant promise for the future.

History, however, just now is cutting out romance, and the literary event of the day is the appearance of the *Mémoires de Mme. de Rémusat*, edited by her grandson, Paul de Rémusat. Mme. de Rémusat was maid of honour to Josephine Beauharnais, afterwards the wife of the first Consul Bonaparte. She remained with Josephine from 1802 to 1808, and so followed her in her new imperial fortunes. A woman of much wit and sensibility, Mme. de Rémusat, while by no means exempt from the personal influence exercised by Bonaparte over all those who approached him, was yet able to preserve an independent judgment, and she jotted down, day by day, all that she saw and heard, and the manifold reflections suggested by the many strange circumstances which passed before her eyes. Unfortunately in 1814, under the influence of some sudden apprehension, she destroyed this priceless journal, but she immediately set to work to re-write it from memory; and although of course this new version does not altogether take the place of the original, it is nevertheless of inestimable value. No one ever penetrated so deeply into Bonaparte's inner self as Mme. de Rémusat; for she enjoyed the closest intimacy with Josephine, the only person before whom Bonaparte revealed himself occasionally in his true colours. These memoirs accordingly add a host of details to our knowledge of his character, and they bring him before us as he has been depicted by his bitterest enemies. This overwhelming testimony has all the more weight as coming from a friendly hand, from an admirer whom nothing short of the crimes of a boundless ambition could have undeceived. The account of the death of the Duc d'Enghien is crushing on this score. The coolness with which Bonaparte consummated that atrocious crime, with the remark that "the letting of blood enters into the calculations of political medicine," amusing himself

at the very moment of issuing his bloodthirsty orders by playing the farce of mercy to those who surrounded him, and by giving them to understand that he intended to spare his victim, shows us in all his majesty of horror this extraordinary man, who consciously placed himself outside and above humanity. Morality had no existence for him, and not only did he break the obligations of conjugal fidelity with the coldest indifference, but Mme. de Rémusat confirms an accusation which is often treated by Napoleon's admirers as a calumny, and which represents him as living in incestuous relations with his sisters. What best shows the cruel and perverted side of Napoleon's character is that he took pleasure in inflicting suffering upon those whom he loved best, and in abusing the fear which he inspired to embarrass them. All that Mme. de Rémusat tells us of the conversations and tastes of the Emperor is of the deepest interest, and it is curious to see that on the stage he cared only for tragedy, that Molière was beyond him, and that he viewed *le bon goût* with feelings of unmitigated contempt.

Napoleon was only an Italian *condottiere* of superior genius, very like the captains of *rouitiers* and *écourcheurs* who ravaged France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. M. Jules Quicherat has just given us a life-like portrait of one of these adventurers in his study on *Rodrigue de Villandrando* (Hachette). This skilful and energetic soldier, who, by the mode in which he treated friends and enemies alike, left wherever he passed the reputation of a robber, contributed to deliver France from foreign domination, and to restore the royal power and the national government in the hands of Charles VII. M. Quicherat's book, which shows the art and scholarship that distinguish all this author's works, is a remarkable instance of the historical revelations that may be drawn from documents buried in public archives. Rodrigue de Villandrando has remained wholly unknown to our historians. None of our biographical dictionaries mentioned so much as his name. In Spain alone, his native country, his memory had not entirely perished; but it is almost exclusively with the help of unpublished documents, derived in great part from our departmental archives, that M. Quicherat has succeeded in reconstituting, bit by bit, the complete biography of Rodrigue. His book may almost be described as a disinterment.

This work is the only one in the domain of history deserving of special mention, for neither M. Castelnau's *Les Médecins* (Lévy) nor M. de Meaux' *Les Luttes religieuses au XVI^e Siècle* (Plon) contains any new contribution to knowledge. In the domain of philosophy, we must call attention to the first volume of an original work which will doubtless cause a sensation—*Les Sophistes grecs et les Sophistes contemporains*, by M. Funck Brentano (Plon). M. Funck is a native of Luxemburg, but he has long been a Frenchman at heart; his self-devotion during the war of 1870, and his books on *La Civilisation et ses Lois* and *Le Droit des Gens* (of which A. Sorel was joint-author), have made him one of us. As a philosopher he was as yet known but to few, for if his earlier works on the dialectics and philosophy of the sciences were remarkable for abundance and originality of ideas, the thought was wrapped in an obscurity which it was often difficult to penetrate. M. Funck has now succeeded in overcoming this defect, which is not uncommon in solitary thinkers, and his new book is a lucid and spirited piece of writing; with the serious attraction of a philosophical work it combines the piquancy of a polemic. It is the first sharp and vigorous general attack upon the tendencies of the present philosophical schools of England and Germany. England alone appears in the first volume, and J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer

are the object of M. Funck's first assault. He compares them to the sophists who continued and altered the work of Plato and Aristotle; they are in his eyes the continuers, exaggerators, and alterers of the work of Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz. Some, perhaps, may be surprised to see the name of Spinoza placed between those of Descartes and Leibnitz; but— and herein lies the originality of M. Funck's point of view—he regards the object of philosophy as by no means lying in the always hypothetical solutions which it aspires to give on Nature, the Soul, and God, but solely in the study of the laws of thought and of reasoning. On this point, and on this point only, does philosophy arrive at certainty and make any progress. It is not my duty here to pass judgment on the whole subject at issue between M. Funck and Messrs. Mill and Spencer, but the chapters will be read with interest and profit in which he argues that by a false and extravagant system of logic they have shaken the very bases of certainty and rendered all reasoning impossible; in a word, have brought philosophy to a *cul de sac*.

Finally, let me call attention to an excellent book by M. Othenin d'Haussonville on *L'Enfance à Paris* (Lévy). Best known hitherto in the field of authorship by his interesting studies on Sts. Beuve, George Sand, Michelet, and Lord Brougham, M. d'Haussonville was actively engaged, while a member of the National Assembly, in dealing with philanthropical questions, prison regulation, women's and children's labour. Unfortunately he fell into the error of uniting his political fortunes to those of his uncle, M. de Broglie, and was banished by the electors from active political life. But he has continued to interest himself in the works of charity which previously occupied a large share of his attention, and the result is the work before us, which lays bare many grievous social plague-sores, and also indicates the remedies to be applied. All the details of juvenile mendicancy, crime, and immorality are scrutinised with the eye of a keen observer and the heart of an enlightened philanthropist. There are few books which furnish more attractive reading or inspire more wholesome reflections. G. MONOD.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- AUSGRABUNGEN, die, zu Olympia. III. Uebersicht der Arbeiten u. Funde vom Winter u. Frühjahr 1877—1878. Hrg. v. E. Curtius, E. Adler u. G. Treu. Berlin: Wasmuth. 90 M.
BERGER, G. L'Ecole française de Peinture depuis ses Origines jusqu'à la Fin du Règne de Louis XIV. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
CHODEKO, A. Chants historiques de l'Ukraine, &c. Paris: Leroux.
EICHENHART, P. Quellenstudien zu Uhlands Balladen. Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M. 40 Pf.
SABIEL, E. W. Zu Goethe's hundertdreissigstem Geburtstag. Heilbronn: Henninger. 2 M. 40 Pf.
SCHWABE, M. Sallia. Richard Cobden: Notices sur ses Voyages, Correspondances et Souvenirs. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 5 fr.

Theology.

- FARRAR, F. W. The Life and Work of St. Paul. Cassell. 24s.
MEXX, A. Die Prophetie d. Joel u. ihre Ausleger von den ältesten Zeiten bis zu den Reformatoren. Halle: Waisenhau. 10 M.
RENAN, E. L'Eglise chrétienne. Paris: C. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

History.

- DU SEIN, A. Histoire de la Marine de tous les Peuples. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 16 fr.
MALLESON, G. B. History of the Indian Mutiny. Vol. II. W. H. Allen & Co. 20s.
RÉMUSAT, P. de. Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat. T. I. 1802—1808. Paris: C. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
ROTH, F. W. E. Geschichte d. römischen Königs Adolfs I. v. Nassau. Wiesbaden: Limbarth. 8 M.
SAUERLAND, H. V. Abailard u. Heloise. Eine histor. Charakterstudie. Frankfurt-a-M.: Mohlau. 1 M. 20 Pf.
SCHLEIERINGER, L. Die Chronik der Stadt Elbogen (1471—1504). Prag. 7 M. 20 Pf.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- BALBIANI, G. Leçons sur la Génération des Vertébrés. Paris: Doyn. 15 fr.

FRONTSCHAMMER, J. Ueb. die Bedeutung der Einbildungskraft in der Philosophie Kant's u. Spinoza's. München: Ackermann. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 KOCH, L. Untersuchungen ü. die Entwicklung der Crasulaceen. Heidelberg: Winter. 40 M.
 MENOR, A. Preussische Spinnen. 11. Fortsetz. Danzig: Anbuth. 3 M.
 SCHLÖSSER, A. Geometrische Untersuchungen. 1. Thl. Eich-
 stadt: Krüll. 3 M.

Philology, &c.

BRUELL, J. Herodots Babylonische Nachrichten. 1. Zur Geographie u. Topographie v. Babylon. Leipzig: Schulze. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 CONRADT, C. Die Abtheilung lyrischer Verse im griechischen Drama u. seine Gliederung nach der Verszahl. 1. Hft. Aeschylus' Prometheus u. Perser. Berlin: Weidmann. 5 M.
 DU CANGE, Glossaire français de, avec Additions, &c. Par L. Favre. T. 1. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.
 MUCHE, F. Questions de re scenas fabulæ Sophocleæ, quæ Ajax inscribitur. Breslau: Koenner. 1 M.
 PAUTHIER, G. Les quatre Livres de Philosophie morale et politique de la Chine. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DARE TO "GIVE" AND TO "PUT."

Trinity College, Cambridge: Aug. 18, 1879.

A reviewer in a notice of Mr. Peskett's *Caesar in the Athenæum* of July 26 has referred to my refutation of the current view that Latin *-dere*, found in *con-dere*, &c., is connected with the Greek *τίθημι*. I feel that I ought to offer some justification of views which have been thus publicly stated, and as my paper touches on several important and interesting points in Indo-European philology, and as I do not see any immediate prospect of publishing it *in extenso*, I hope you will be able to find me space in the *ACADEMY* for a brief summary of its arguments; and I do so with less diffidence as the subject is confessedly too abstruse for the columns of the *Athenæum*.

The proposition I seek to overthrow is that in *condo*, *abdo*, and other such compounds (of which Pott, *Etymol. Forsch.*, ii., 2, p. 105, and Corssen, *Ausspr.*, ii., p. 410, give somewhat different enumerations) the second part is connected with Sanskrit *dhā* and Greek *θεῖναι*; and the counter-proposition I would maintain is the old view that these words are simply *dare* to give in composition with prepositions. Pott's theory involves a fatal dilemma of which the two horns are the two invariable rules—(1) that an initial DH in Indo-European must be represented by *f* or *h*, but not by *d*, in Latin; (2) that verbs in composition keep their initial consonant unchanged. So far from (1) not holding in the case of DH, it is *never* transgressed in the case of the aspirates at all, and the exceptions to rule (2) are only apparent. Now, if we assert—a quite ungrounded assertion—that *condo*, &c., were regarded by the Romans as simple verbs, and that so DH, being medial, could become *d* and rule (1) would not be transgressed, we are met by the fact that in no other compound verbs in the Latin language is the fact of composition so apparent; for the reduplication, so far from appearing at the beginning of the word (*cocondi*), is not, as in most compounds, lost altogether (*condi*), but *prefixed* after the preposition to the simple verb (*condidi*). Rule (1), again, forbids our regarding *-dere* as a simple verb from *√t. DHA*. Further, DHA actually appears in Latin with initial *f* in *facio*, *inficio* (Curtius, No. 309, as against Corssen, i., 423, *et seq.*). Other objections are mentioned by Curtius (*l.c.*). He says, "It can hardly be doubted that the Romans thought all compounds of *-do* to be of one origin," and notices the fact that *√t. du*, a by-form of DA, give, occurs in *credulus perduint*, supposed compounds of DHA. So in Zend *du* is "give" and "make."

The chief support of the theory is that some of the compounds show "placing" as their sole or principal meaning. I must not trespass on your space by a discussion of these words separately. But I may observe that the fact that in some compounds of *-do* the meaning

"placing" is predominant, and in others that of "giving," while in others both are apparent, may be at least as simply explained by assuming one root with both meanings, or with one from which both have been derived, as by assuming two separate roots which have become confused in usage. In considering this question we must observe from what languages separate roots, DA and DHA, have been inferred. Zend, Slavonic, Lithuanian, and Old Irish give us no help, as they represent both D and DH by *d*. There remain Teutonic, which points to a *√t. DHA*, "place," and Greek and Sanskrit, which show both roots more or less differentiated. These facts are perfectly consistent with the existence in Indo-European of two forms, DA and DHA, which were used to express both ideas, and were subsequently differentiated by the different nations according to their requirements. This would explain some difficulties—e.g., the disappearance of DA, to give, in Teutonic (due to a desire to avoid confusion), and the fact that *δύω* stands beside *τίθημι* in Greek with several striking similarities of meaning.

I will now give a selection from my examples to show the striking parallelism there is in the development of the meanings of "place" or "put," and "give." In Old High German, *thun*—"geben," e.g., "emam die Hand tuon," "give the hand"—Greek, *τιθέναι ἀγῶνας, νόμους, νόμα*, = *dare ludos, leges, nomen*;—German, *etwas zu Papier geben* = "put on paper"; "vendo" is Greek *ἀποδίδωμαι*, English "set to sale" (A.V.):—*edere*; English, *set out*, *ἐκθεῖναι*, also English *put forth*, *ἐκδοῦναι, ἐκθεῖναι, ausgeben*; also English, "give forth," "set up," Dryden—*reddere*, "replace. put back," *ἀποδιδόναι*; "make cause," *ἰσοδιδόναι*; "put back," "translate," German *wiedergeben, übersetzen*.

This, though far from an exhaustive discussion, will perhaps be enough to show that there is no reason for doing violence to the sound-laws of Latin in order to disserve two ideas so closely allied as "giving" and "placing." J. P. POSTGATE.

FATHER PARSONS, FALSTAFF, AND SHAKSPEARE.

Hilkey: Aug. 18, 1879.

Since my letter upon this subject (*ACADEMY*, March 8, 1879), I have ascertained that some copies of the third volume of Parsons' *Three Conversations* have a division headed "Of the Examen of the First Six Monthes," in which occurs the following passage:—

"The second moneth of February is more fertile of rubricate Martyrs, then January, for that yt hath eight in number, two Wickliffians, *Syr John Oldcastle*, a Ruffian-Knight as all England knoweth, and commonly brought in by comedians on their stages: he was put to death for robberyes and rebellion under the foresaid K. Henry the Fifth, and *Sir Roger Onely*, Priest-martyr, &c."

The dedication of the third volume is dated 1603. I doubt whether this is the passage to which allusion is made by Speed in his *History of Great Britaine*. Except in the number of the page it does not correspond with his reference, and the language appears too indefinite to account for Speed's scornful invective against "his [Parsons'] poet."

It is suggestive to note the gradual development of Oldcastle's turpitude in Parsons' book. He is introduced in the first volume as a sectary who made his peace with the Church by recanting his errors. In the second volume he is a traitor, and his life is "dissolute;" while in the third he has blossomed into the notoriety whom "all England knoweth."

We can readily understand the indignation of Speed and the Puritans at this quoting of the authority of "comedians," and their desire to pay him back in his own coin. It was a favourite

contention of Parsons (as in the *Warn-Word to Sir F. Hastings*) that among the Protestants all sorts of books were allowed to be "read promiscuously of all men and women, even the Turks' *Alcaron* itself, *Macheville* and *Boden* tending to atheisme, and bawdy *Boccace*, with the most pestilent *English Pallace of Pleasure*" (all forbidden among us Catholyks)."

Another point about Oldcastle wants clearing up. What were his personal relations to Henry V.? Speed says of him that "he was a man strong and valorous, and in especial favour with his Prince" (*History of Great Britaine*, 1627, p. 637), and again calls him *par excellence* "his [the King's] knight."

C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

SCIENCE.

MIND AND BRAIN.

The Relations of Mind and Brain. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D. (Macmillan.)

The Pathology of Mind. Being the Third Edition of the Second Part of *The Physiology and Pathology of Mind*. Re-cast, enlarged, and re-written. By Henry Maudsley, M.D. (Macmillan.)

A DISPASSIONATE treatment of the questions connected with the relations of the mind and brain is so rarely met with that Prof. Calderwood may fairly be congratulated on the calmness and impartiality with which he has managed to discuss the problem of his volume. Altogether his work is probably the best combination to be found at present in England of exposition and criticism on the subject of physiological psychology. He has carefully explained the structure of the brain and nerves, and has supplied a full and clear account of the most recent experiments relating to them. His descriptions are accompanied with diagrams extracted from recognised authorities on anatomical dissection, so that the student who is unfamiliar with the commonplaces of neural physiology will find it comparatively easy to ascertain the *facts* round which the controversy circles. And he has followed up his chapters of exposition by a lengthy criticism which seeks to show that the fullest physiology of brain and nerve cannot constitute a philosophy of mental phenomena—cannot, that is, explain our personal experience.

The critic of cerebral psychology can hardly nowadays assume the uncompromising attitude of Henry More, and maintain that "free imagination and the sagacious collections of reason" are to be discerned within the "laxe pithe and marrow in man's head" no more than in a "cake of sewet or a bowl of curds." Yet, when all is said, it seems doubtful whether physiological analysis of the concomitants of mental action proves at present anything further than it did in the days of More. The experiments of Fritsch and Hitzig in 1870 and of Dr. Ferrier in 1873 showed, no doubt, that the electrical stimulation of certain centres of the brain was followed by the movement of distinct portions of the body. Yet it is precisely in this attempt at localising functions in distinct portions of the brain that cerebral

* Is there any evidence that Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* was officially forbidden to English Catholics? It was of course mainly a compilation from authors who were upon the *Index*.

research has shown itself most weak. The unbroken continuity of the different parts of the mental organ makes it impossible to reason that, because the stimulation of a certain centre has been followed by the performance of some function, this function is therefore to be regarded as caused by the centre which has been so stimulated. As Dr. Calderwood says:—

"The various divisions or lobes of the brain are not only in close proximity, but are actually united or continuous. The same thing holds true when we turn attention to the convolutions of each lobe. These considerations clearly favour the hypothesis that the organ may in all cases act as a whole, while it has undoubtedly its distinct points of established relation with the several parts of the body."

Nor is this conclusion much invalidated by those experiments which show that the destruction of some section of the brain is followed by the incapacity to discharge some physical or intellectual act. Against this, Lange's criticism still retains its value: "If a clock strikes the hours falsely because some little wheel is damaged, it by no means follows that it was this wheel which struck the hours." The physiological psychologist tends throughout to forget that what he is treating as a mechanism is really an organism in which no one part can be actually separated from another.

The insufficiency of cerebral analysis becomes much more conspicuous when we leave the standpoint of the physiologist and advance to that of the psychologist, or analyst of consciousness. In the statement of the difficulties which this higher point of view involves the most instructive part of Dr. Calderwood's work will be found to lie. The facts of "personal experience," that is, knowledge of various sensations and knowledge of efforts put forth by myself, are left quite unexplained by the recognised functions of brain and nerve. The simplest act of knowledge involves a distinction of our separate sensations, arrived at by a process of *comparison*. But, says Dr. Calderwood,

"the sensory apparatus provides for diversity of result, not for comparison of the differences. The law of nerve action implies the contrary, the cessation of one action as the condition of another. Even if physiological hypothesis were ventured in the form of a suggestion that there may be in the sensory cell a *register* of the shock delivered there, this would not help us towards an explanation of the facts of consciousness. Even if there were such a register, this would not meet the requirements of the case. A register contains the materials for comparison, but does not institute comparisons."

What holds good of the most elementary cognition applies equally to the simplest exercise of motor energy. When we leave the lowest level of reflex action, we find will-power coming into *competition* with nerve force, and, at a higher level, motor energy becomes the servant of intelligence and will, apart from any sensory impulse or merely physical conditions. Physiological analysis finds itself no less unable to explain the phenomena of memory. Prof. Bain has, indeed, suggested "the possibility of storing up in three pounds' weight of a fatty tissue all these complicated groupings that make our aptitudes and knowledge." But in face of

the innumerable impressions of our life, our nerve cells, even though reckoned by millions, would soon be exhausted; and, apart from this, resuscitation of our past impressions remains unexplained on purely physiological assumptions.

"There is nothing in the normal action of the nerve system which fits it for originating sensory activity within its own substance. The sensory cell is not self-acting; it does not of itself originate sensation."

The phenomena of insanity form an important part of any enquiry into the relation between cerebral and mental action. Here again the writer finds intelligence and will rising superior to physical processes.

"The facts connected with microcephaly or undeveloped brain and education of the imbecile favour the view that mental existence is something superior to brain organisation, though in all human life the two are intimately connected."

But he allows himself to be somewhat inconsistent in two sentences which follow. "That a friend suffers from brain disease no more affects his position as a man or our relation to him than if he suffered from disease of the heart or of the lungs. The brain is in many respects more liable to disease than other vital organs, being so much more under the command of our will and liable to be overtaken." Surely the fact that the brain is, while the heart is not, "under the command of the will," carries with it a responsibility which is absent from a purely physical infirmity. And, apart from cases of congenital idiocy, it is matter of notoriety that self-engrossment, in some shape or another, accompanies the larger portion of modern insanity; so much so that Dr. Maudsley, in a passage which Dr. Calderwood himself quotes, gives it as a main prescription for the insane patient that he should be made to "step out of himself."

The absence of the transcendental argument will perhaps strike some few readers as a defect in Dr. Calderwood's examination. That argument is certainly an undiminished fortress from which to look out undismayed at all physiological analysis. It matters not, the transcendentalist would say, how far you resolve thought into convolutions of the brain, or reduce mental phenomena to molecular changes; because this material structure can itself be known only through an act of thought (which is consequently prior), and the very question as to the relation between mind and brain is one of which an analysis of matter knows nothing, and which physical science, as such, is altogether incompetent to raise. But the fact that Dr. Calderwood has not appealed to this standpoint will perhaps not injure his work in the eyes of the many to whom transcendentalism is convertible with *φλνάρια*.

Dr. Maudsley's volume overlaps but slightly with the subject which Dr. Calderwood discusses. The work, of course, is practically a treatise on the different causes, forms, and symptoms of insanity, and is little occupied with metaphysical considerations. The new edition contains a considerable amount of new matter. Chapters have been added on sleep, dreaming, and somnambulism; and the writer has indicated the likeness which some of these phenomena present to actual insanity. The essential characteristic of insanity itself

Dr. Maudsley would seem to find in a want of equilibrium, an inability to co-ordinate actions and impressions. A vein of sound common-sense pervades, as a rule, the writer's views.

"We are getting," he remarks, "too much into the habit of looking upon insanity as a special and definite thing, which either is or is not, and which, if it is, puts the sufferer at once out of the category of ordinary men, unmindful that we are dealing, not with a constant entity, but with a multitude of insane *individuals*, who manifest all degrees and varieties of unsoundness."

It is, however, to be regretted that the work has not been reduced to something like half its present dimensions. No doubt its diffuseness has its advantages, but it seems rather unnecessary in a writer on mental pathology to remark that the Church of England claims only from its bishops "that they should evince no tendency to deviate into originality or zeal."

EDWIN WALLACE.

Greeks and Goths: a Study on the Runes.
By Isaac Taylor, M.A., LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

"In following out certain enquiries," says the author, "as to the history and connexion of early alphabets, it became necessary that I should make myself acquainted with what had been written on the origin of the Runes. It speedily became manifest that none of the current theories on the subject were sufficient to explain the facts. A re-examination of the conditions of the problem gradually led to the wholly unexpected conclusions which are set forth in the following pages. I have thought it best to publish these results in a separate form, instead of including them in a larger forthcoming work on the History of the Alphabet, because it seemed needful, in putting forth a theory so entirely novel, to state the argument with greater fullness of detail, and in a more technical form, than would be desirable or proportionate in a more comprehensive work."

Hitherto it had been supposed that the Runes were modifications of the capitals of the Roman alphabet: this theory will be found ably set forth in Wimmer's book, entitled *Runeskriftens Oprindelse og Udvikling i Norden* (Copenhagen, 1874); but Mr. Taylor has come to the conclusion that this is a mistake, and that the Runes were derived from a Greek alphabet, viz., that termed Thracian by him and used by the Greek colonists from the Isles and the Ionian cities, whose settlements thickly studded the coasts of Thrace and the shores of the Black Sea in the sixth century before the Christian era. Knowledge of letters travelled by the way of commerce, he thinks, from Olbia into the home of the Goths, whom he places by the Baltic in a territory the southern boundaries of which extended to "the upper waters of the Dnieper, in the Russian governments of Grodno, Minsk, and Volhynia." The Latin theory has its difficulties, so has the Greek one, and it is probable that the opinions of Runologists will be considerably divided on the merits of Mr. Taylor's book. I see from the *Fædrelandet* for June 24 last that Mr. Stephens, of Copenhagen, accepts Mr. Taylor's theory bag and baggage; while I think that I recognise in an English contemporary the voice of one whose opinion must carry considerable weight in favour of the older or Latin hypothesis. It

would be impossible here to give the arguments "pro and con," but I may perhaps be allowed to say, though I am no Runologist, that the impression which the present work leaves on my mind is that the author has successfully proved a connexion between the Runes and a Greek alphabet; but how far that connexion was such as he describes it, is a question I am unable to answer. Supposing his theory to be in the main the correct one, the work contains many things that require to be noticed. I venture to allude to a few of them. He derives the Runes for T, D, Φ from the Thracian forms of T, Θ , Δ , and appends the remark that "the values are now *t, d, th*, instead of *t, th, d* as in the Greek alphabet, or *th, d, t* as required by Grimm's Law," which he considers a difficulty; but the difficulty is altogether owing to his uncalled-for introduction of Grimm's law and his belief that the *K* Rune is derived from one of the forms of the Thracian Γ . This, however, I should be strongly inclined to question. The forms of Thracian Γ are given as \angle , Λ , Γ , while the *K* Rune has the forms \angle and Λ (Gothic), 𐌿 (Anglian), and 𐌿 (Scandinavian) attributed to it, three of which violate the "Principle of the Least Effort" to which Mr. Taylor gives a conspicuous place in another part of the book. In accordance with that he could have no serious objection to deriving the forms of the *K* Rune from the Thracian *K*, which he gives as 𐌿 . Add to this that the *G* Rune which Mr. Taylor seems rightly to derive from the Greek χ , appears to have always retained that form in Gothic and Anglian inscriptions. Putting these things together, one will perceive that there was some system in the way in which Teutonic writers dealt with the Greek alphabet: thus it appears that Greek T yielded the T Rune;

" K " " K "
 " Θ " " D "
 " X " " G "

If this should turn out to be well founded it might be said to be of capital importance to Teutonic glottology. (1) It would show that there was at one time a Teutonic *t* and a Teutonic *k* which had for all practical purposes the sounds of Greek τ and κ —the Runes for the cognate consonants prove that the Teutonic *t* and *k* had been proved; that is in other words, they represent Aryan *d* and *g*. (2) It would show also that there were once Teutonic consonants which were practically identical in sound with the Greek Θ and χ of the time; they are the *d* and *g* of the Low-German dialects to this day, and they are, in common with the Greek Θ and χ , supposed to represent *dh* and *gh* in the Aryan parent speech. What was the sound of these consonants at the time the symbols for them were borrowed by the Teutons? Perhaps none would fit better than that of a sort of aspirated *d* and aspirated *g*, as in Sanskrit. Roughly speaking, this would imply an early date for the commencement of Runic writing. With regard to the remaining cognate consonants, it may be said that the case is somewhat different, but no less instructive: the *Th* Rune, or *Thorn*, comes from a Greek Δ , while the *H* Rune comes from the Thracian 𐌿 (or else, according to the Latin

theory, from Latin *H*). But the *Th* Rune represents or represented the two sounds of English *th*, and the *H* Rune the sounds of *h*, *g*, and perhaps *gh*. So in the case of these Runes, or, in other words, of the Teutonic consonants representing Aryan *t* and *k*, considerable modifications of value seem to have taken place since the beginning of the history of the Runes, which is quite in harmony with some of the later speculations on the history of the Teutonic consonants. To help one to ascertain approximately the sound of the *Th* and *K* Runes at the time when the Teutons learned to write from the Greeks, one should try to find out, or to fix within certain limits, the sounds of the Greek letters Δ and 𐌿 in the dialect of Greek spoken by those who taught the Teutons writing. For instance, it is well known that in modern Greek δ is pronounced like a soft English *th*, and not like English *d*. How old, then, is the present sound of δ in Greek? That is a question of great importance to Mr. Taylor's theory, but it does not seem to have suggested itself to his mind.

The case of *p* and the cognate consonants offers difficulties of its own. Originally there was, according to Mr. Taylor, no occasion for an initial *p*, so 𐌿 was not at first taken into account, though later a Rune for it appears to have been supplied by a variation of the *B* Rune, which itself seems to come from a Greek 𐌿 . The analogy, however, of the *D* and *G* Runes would lead one to expect the *B* Rune to have been derived from a form of 𐌿 , and I am not altogether sure that it was not so; for, according to Mr. Taylor, some of the *F* Runes are found used for *B*, to which I would add that what he regards as the Gothic *F* Rune—namely, 𐌿 —is derivable from a form of 𐌿 , the barb having been added to distinguish it from similarly formed Runes still to be mentioned. It looks, then, as if the Teutons had first confounded the Runes for *B* and *F*, and ultimately exchanged them, giving the *B* Rune the form that should have been retained for the *F* Rune and *vice versa*. Lastly, the position of the *B* Rune in the Runic alphabets connects it with 𐌿 and not with β . This would derive considerable confirmation from Mr. Taylor's account of the Scandinavian *M* Rune, which was 𐌿 . He cites the interchange of *m* and *b* in the Celtic languages, and would suppose 𐌿 to have been derived from "the old transitional form 𐌿 for *b* or *f*." He adds that "other early forms of the 𐌿 symbol for *m* are 𐌿 , 𐌿 , 𐌿 , which are easily connected with 𐌿 or 𐌿 " and alludes to an inscription in which an *m* occurs which is almost identical in form with the ordinary *F* Rune. Further, he maintains that it is chiefly in the Isle of Man, and in Scandinavia at a time subsequent to the Irish and Hebridean conquests of the Northmen, that we find the 𐌿 Rune standing for *m*. If this explanation of Scandinavian 𐌿 for *m* could be accepted, one could hardly avoid the conclusion that 𐌿 was originally intended for the *B* Rune.

The history of the Thracian koppa or 𐌿 is important and difficult; in Ulfilas' alphabet it is represented by a sort of *q* with the full

power of *qu* or *qw*, while in the English Runes the labial had gone, leaving as the consequence of its former presence a velar guttural, distinguished from the other or palatal guttural by its not becoming *ch* (as in *cheek* or *chin*): compare *camera* and *quatuor*, represented in French respectively by *chambre* and *quatre*, that is, *catre*. But it is interesting to notice that if the Ogam alphabet is derived from the Runes, this Anglian letter, which was called *calc*, must have had the full power of *qu* or *qu* (as in *quick* or *quell*) in English at the time when the Ogam for *qv* or *qu* was formed.

And as a part of the book is devoted to the Ogam alphabet a word must now be said on that head. The Bishop of Limerick tried years ago to derive the Ogams from the Runes; since then I have attempted to derive them, not from the Runes, but from a common parent-alphabet of an Ogmie type, and now Mr. Taylor again tries to derive them directly from the Runes. We all agree that the Celts have somehow come by their Ogams without the aid of Teutons, but when one comes to examine these theories with an eye to the history of the characters, Ogam for Ogam, the bishop's theory has the air of being guesswork, and mine is, perhaps, too ingenious to be true, while Mr. Taylor's certainly has hit a mean between them in that respect, and is possibly nearer the truth than either. But much farther than this one cannot go, for when we come to examine the origin assigned to the Ogams one by one, Mr. Taylor's method, based on my grouping of the alphabet, cannot in its present form be pronounced satisfactory. For instance, a *T* Rune cannot have suggested the Ogam for *d*; for even supposing, as he does, that the Teutons were by nature endowed with a sort of a *lautverschiebung* sense, whereby they protected the consonants of other nations, nobody has ever attributed the possession of any such auricular machinery to the Celts. He says, in justification of his deriving an Ogmie *d* from a Runic *t*, that "this is in accordance with phonetic law, a primitive *t* being normally debilitated in Welsh into *d*," and refers to my *Lectures on Welsh Philology*; but it is of no avail, as he takes the debilitation out of its context, *t* being reduced to *d* in Welsh only when it is, or once was, flanked by sounds softer than itself, never when it stands at the beginning of a word not affected by a preceding one. There is no less strong an objection to his deriving an Ogmie *t* from a Runic *th*, an Ogmie *c* from a Runic *g*, not to mention the lack of system which this would show in the way in which the Celts dealt with the Runes. Possibly, however, the author may be able to improve this portion of his theory.

He attributes the invention of Ogams to Celts who became acquainted with the Runes of the Jutes of Kent or the Isle of Wight, some of whom, he thinks, may have crept on "along the southern coast of England as far as the flocks of Pembrokeshire, and from thence to the sheltered havens of Munster." But it is useless to appeal to local names which seem to date no earlier than the ravages of the Danes. Nor can I approve of the author's short method of proving the Ogams to have made their way from Wales to Ireland

and not the other way about; because a certain Ogam retains its original value of *w* in inscriptions in Wales, whereas it is found in Ireland in words where an Irishman would now read *f*, he concludes that the Ogam alphabet was not elaborated in Ireland; but when it is considered that *w* or *v* cannot have become *f* in Ireland much before the end of the eighth century this ceases to be a test. It is improbable that this problem can be satisfactorily solved until the Ogams of Scotland have been successfully interpreted: they have the appearance of forming the transition from Runes to the Ogams of Wales and Ireland.

Mr. Taylor's work as a whole may be said to open up new ground, and to be a valuable contribution to the history of both Runes and Ogams, but as to details I could not possibly mention in a notice like this all the points on which one is compelled to differ from him. Briefly put, it might be said that the book would gain in value by the omission of all the references it contains to Grimm's Law, and all the sentences touching on questions of phonology, which is the subject the author handles to the least advantage.

JOHN RHYNS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Pelé's Hair.—The peculiar filiform lava, resembling spun glass, which is abundant at Kilauea, one of the volcanoes in the Sandwich Islands, is known as "Pelé's Hair," in allusion to the Hawaiian goddess, Pelé, who is reputed to dwell in the crater of this mountain. Specimens of this material, collected by Prof. Dana in 1840, were subjected to analysis on his return to America, but, the results of two examinations being discrepant, the analyses have always been regarded as unsatisfactory. Dana has therefore recently caused fresh analyses to be made, and these show that the capillary lava has almost the same chemical composition as a basalt or dolerite, and hence is identical with the most abundant of our igneous rocks. Here, then, is another instance of the constancy of composition in eruptive rocks of different geological age, and another argument against introducing any petrological distinctions which would separate younger igneous rocks from the older.

THE late Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., who died on the 17th inst., was well known as an entomologist. Along with Dr. Buchanan White, he founded the Perthshire Society of Natural Science, to whose organ, the *Scottish Naturalists' Magazine*, he was a regular contributor, and of which he was president from its foundation.

Chronological History of Plants; Man's Record of his own Existence illustrated through their Names, Uses, and Companionship. By Charles Pickering, M.D. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co.; London: Trübner and Co.) This book consists of upwards of 1,200 densely printed quarto pages, which seem to contain a digest of the history and distribution of plants. There is included an enormous amount of utterly irrelevant matter on nearly every conceivable subject. We have unsuccessfully tried to discover some use for the book.

READERS who are interested in astronomy, meteorology, and magnetism will learn with regret the death of Lamont, for nearly half a century the director of the Royal Observatory at Munich. John Lamont, or, in later life, Johann von Lamont, was born in December 1805 at Braemar in Scotland. As a young man he became assistant to Soldner, the first

director of the observatory which was erected in 1819 at Bogenhausen near Munich, and he had to make the observations and to edit the publications which, in consequence of failing health, Soldner could not undertake to continue himself. In 1835 Lamont became Soldner's successor as director, or, in official language, "conservator," of the observatory, and he was also made a member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. About that time the great Bogenhausen refractor of more than eleven inches aperture, then the best instrument of its kind in the world, was finished, and for some years Lamont employed its powers in observing clusters of stars, the satellites of Saturn and Uranus, double stars, and kindred objects. But about 1840 these observations ceased to be made, and the instrument seems to have been little used since. Lamont became more absorbed in his researches in meteorology, and especially terrestrial magnetism, and his astronomical labours were chiefly confined to superintending the meridional zone observations of small stars made by his assistant. Numerous volumes edited by him have been published by the Munich Observatory, fourteen volumes of *Astronomische Beobachtungen und Observationes astronomicae in specula regia Monachensi institutae*, twenty volumes of *Annalen der Münchener Sternwarte*, with thirteen Supplementbände; further, *Jahrbücher der Münchener Sternwarte*, *Annalen für Meteorologie und Erdmagnetismus*, and others. His *Handbuch des Erdmagnetismus* (1849), and especially his *Handbuch des Magnetismus* (1867), are valued very highly. Lamont died on the 6th inst. in his seventy-fourth year. His contributions to several of the exact sciences secure to his name a lasting place in their histories.

FINE ART.

The Ceramic Art: a Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie J. Young. (Sampson Low & Co.)

To tell the history of pottery from the beginning of the world to the present day, and in one volume, is no slight task. Without irreverence, we may fairly, if we accept either the Hebrew or the Egyptian tradition, take the art of pottery to be the first of all, and the first man its first example. From Adam to the latest novelty in *pâte sur pâte*—such is the scope of the present book, illustrated by 464 woodcuts. It has a right to its title of compendium.

It is plain that a book of this kind is too great a task for any one person. To do it thoroughly each section should be contributed by one who has given special study to it, and we hope that some day a general history of the subject will be undertaken upon this plan, and issued by a competent editor. In the meantime we may be thankful for this work, which on the whole is very creditable to the author and to America, whence it comes.

At the present moment this book supplies a distinct want. Books of "marks" we have in plenty. Monographs on special manufactures are numerous. But beside specialists and "mark hunters," there are hundreds who are fond of china, and will be glad of a book that will teach them "all about" it—its origin, its manufacture, and the sources of its decoration—and make them able to take an intelligent interest in the confusing collections of the museums, and the still more con-

fusing reproductions of the shops. China-mania in the present day is the folly of a rich few; but a love of china, for its beauty, and for the extraordinary human interest of its long history, is the wisdom of many.

Few have leisure to go to the fountain-heads of information, especially when they are so numerous as in the case of Ceramics. To go to Salvétat for chemistry, to Birch for Greek and Etruscan, to Binns for Worcester, to Meteyard for Wedgwood, to Fortnum for Majolica, to Franks for Oriental, to Havard for Delft, and to a dozen others for a dozen other specialities, is possible and pleasant to few. The general public need a general book, useful to refer to and pleasant to read. Marryat and Chaffers and Jacquemart, to speak only of writers whose works have been published in England, have taken great pains to supply it; but every year brings forward new facts which are not contained in these useful works, and there is plenty of room for a new one, bringing the knowledge of the subject down to the latest date.

This work, though far from accomplishing this aim, is a careful and strenuous effort in the direction of it, and shows the great interest taken by Americans in this fascinating study. It is more comprehensive than any book of the kind yet published, and its design and arrangement could scarcely be improved. The authoress possesses most if not all of the requirements necessary for her task. She has a clear and pleasant style, and, though her pages are filled with information mainly derived from other books, never sinks into the mere compiler, but with a patience and activity of mind which are seldom found together, works up her mosaic of foreign fragments into a harmonious design of her own.

One thing wanting in most books of the kind—a clear and readable summary of the chemistry of the subject, and the methods of manufacture—she has supplied, and she deserves our special thanks for her effort to abolish the old misleading and confusing divisions of "hard" and "soft" porcelain. "Natural" and "artificial" are epithets of distinction far more scientific and intelligible. Her introductory essay also deserves much praise for the width of its view, the clearness with which it distinguishes the broad characteristics of the two fountains of design, Greek and Oriental, and the appreciation it shows for the special qualities of china for decoration and aesthetic pleasure.

We wish that we could extend as unstinted praise to the matter of the rest of the book, but here she has had to rely mainly on the authority of other writers, and has trusted too much to Jacquemart. She has not, indeed, always followed him blindly, but she has taken his book as the foundation of hers, and has copied many of his opinions which have been exploded by later research. For instance, her belief in the finely-decorative porcelain of Corea and Hindostan will not find many adherents in Europe at the present date, and her account of the pottery of Japan and Delft is, to say the least, inadequate. There is, indeed, no department of her book in which the specialist could not find many blunders, but the book was not written for

him, and it would be unfair to make too much of errors which may be said to be natural to the class of work. The Frenchman will, no doubt, complain that sufficient attention is not given to France; the Englishman that the account of English Ceramics is very meagre, and he will think that to say, as the author does, that Bow, Chelsea, and Plymouth are among the leading seats of the industry in England is an inexcusable blunder. The scholar will smile at being told that "potum" is the Latin for a drinking-vessel, the collector of Persian that the glaze of that ware is colourless, and the expert in gems that the turquoise is unsurpassed in liquid depth. But despite these and many more slips and omissions this book will be a great boon to all those who, not being students, yet take more than a fashionable interest in china. It is beautifully illustrated and furnished with excellent indexes, and is the result of so much thought and skill that it seems hard to urge the authoress to renewed labour. It is only, however, because there is so much good work in it that I hope she will not spare pains to revise it carefully, and to consult a good many authorities which do not appear at present to be known to her.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

EXPLORATIONS AMONG THE ANCIENT BUDDHIST REMAINS IN AFGHANISTAN.

II.

IN continuation of my previous article may be mentioned the excavations at a tope situated in the village of Gunda Chismeh, about a mile to the west of Ahin Posh. It had not been previously opened, and although nothing resulted from the tunnel made into the centre, the excavations around the exterior yielded important information as to its architectural construction. The square base, the sides of which measured about sixty-five feet, was, like that of the Ahin Posh Tope, ornamented with pilasters, but in this instance these were ten on each side. Only one flight of steps was discovered on the north side, leading to the square base. The whole building rested on a terrace four feet wide, and three feet six inches high, ornamented round the exterior with small pilasters. The discovery of this terrace led to the excavation and bringing to light of the remains of a similar terrace at Ahin Posh, from which it would appear that it is another peculiarity of the Afghanistan topes. Some excavations were also made in a large mound called the Nagara Goondi Tope, situated about three miles from Jellalabad. Like the others, it seems to have been left untouched by Masson. The present operations were confined to the exterior, as time did not admit of a tunnel being cut into the centre. It is one of the largest in the valley, and, from the portion uncovered by the excavations, Mr. Simpson judges that its construction would take it back to a very early date. The only coin found was one of Apollodotus (B.C. 110), having upon it the Tripod of Delphi and the E. I.

On the south of the Gunda Chismeh Tope is a quadrangular mound, which Mr. Simpson, no doubt correctly, supposes to contain the remains of the *Vihara* or monastery connected with the tope.

Afghanistan is a new field for explorations, and there will be found no lack of material. Mr. Simpson expresses the astonishment he felt on first reaching the Jellalabad Valley, at the

vast quantity of remains of the Buddhist period to be seen. All around are the ruins of topes and monasteries. Some retain, more or less, the details of their architecture still visible, but the greater number of them now only appear as mounds and heaps of earth.

At Hada, on the south of the valley, are some heights, covered with what may be termed the vestiges of a large Buddhist city. Extending to a considerable distance are to be seen all that now remains of caves, topes, and Viharas. The old name *Hidda* is still preserved in a neighbouring village. It is mentioned by Fah Hian, the Buddhist Pilgrim, who visited the place in the fourth century A.D. He describes one monastery as having been of considerable importance. Preserved there in a small *stupa*, and worshipped as a most sacred relic, was a portion of the skull of Buddha. The place is commonly called by the natives *Ada*, but the correct spelling, Hada, will be adopted in the new map.

In almost all other localities the Mohammedan names appear to have superseded the ancient Buddhist ones. The name Ahin Posh is Persian, and means, as before mentioned, "The Iron-clad Tope." It is supposed that some great chief in post-Buddhist times, clad in iron mail, took possession of the old monastery and converted it into a fort. From this circumstance, perhaps, the tope took its name, and it is certain that above the old Buddhist masonry are to be seen the remains of walls of a later date.

Another important portion of the Buddhist remains is the vast number of caves cut into almost every available face of rock, undoubtedly the cells of Buddhist ascetics. Some are said by the natives to be of very great length—even to reach so far as Cashmere, but on examination they prove as a rule to be simple recesses with arched roofs. The interior was originally thickly coated with plaster, fragments of which are to be found in a large number, and ornamented with paintings. Only in one or two are the remains of colour now to be traced. The cells have been used by the shepherds, and smoke and dirt have long since obliterated the decorations.

Towards the Darunta Gorge, near the point where the Kabul River enters the Jellalabad Valley, rise some heights of soft sandstone. The whole face of the rock is honeycombed with a perfect "city" of caverns, some of them communicating with one another by means of rock-cut passages. At this place is a large niche about thirty feet high cut out of the soft stone, no doubt once occupied by a colossal figure of Buddha. High above are the ruins of monasteries and topes. One of the latter, known by the name of the Pheel Khana Tope, has some of its architecture still remaining. Pheel Khana means the "elephant's quarters," and its origin is explained by the natives from a large cave which they point out as being a place where elephants were once kept. Mr. Beal, a few weeks ago, in a letter to the *Times*, identified this place with the *Pilusara*, or White Elephant Tope, visited by Hiouen Tshang and Sung-yun more than a thousand years ago.

The identification of the localities mentioned by the early Buddhist pilgrims, who journeyed over the deserts of Central Asia to seek for and bring back Buddhist books and relics, has always been a work of considerable difficulty. Very much has been done to identify the places south of the Indus by Gen. Cunningham. Mr. Simpson considers that he is able to fix the site of the principal city of the Buddhist period in the Valley of Jellalabad—the predecessor of the present Jellalabad. The district was originally called Nagarahara, from the name of its capital city, and its present name, Nungnahar, is supposed to be a Mohammedan corruption. The Mohammedans were in the habit of altering words of a foreign origin in such a manner as to have a meaning

in their own tongue. The supposed change in this instance has been made so as to apply to the place. Nungnahar means the "region of nine streams," that being the number of streams running through the valley.

The site of the old city of Nagarahara is placed by Mr. Simpson about four miles to the west of the present town of Jellalabad. Here, covered with fragments of "Buddhist Masonry," an isolated rock stands out from the plain, having a fine outlook over the whole length of the valley. The natives declare that it was the *Bala Hissar*, or citadel of an old Kaffir city—the word Kaffir being to them synonymous with *infidel*, and always used with reference to pre-Mohammedan times. Numerous ridge-like mounds suggest the idea that beneath them would be found the ancient walls of the city, and it was near this point that Mr. Simpson excavated the Nagara Goondi Tope, which proved to be one of the largest in the district. Scattered over a considerable space are stones and the remains of buildings, probably the origin of another local name, *Wutta-poor*, or "the city of stones," forming in itself a strong evidence that the place is the site of an ancient town.

W. HARRY RYLANDS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A CURIOUS picture has just found its way to England, a portrait of *David* by his own hand; a fine sketch, which appears to have been the study for the portrait now in the Louvre. It was bought out of his studio, after the fall of Paris, by Rostopchine (the same who, when Governor of Moscow, set fire to that city). His son sold it to the late Senator Nicholas Smirnoff, whose heirs now mean to dispose of it.

ANOTHER link in the chain that connects the connoisseur of to-day with his brother of the last generation is severed by the death of Mr. Frank Halsted, at the ripe age of seventy-two, at his house in St. John's Wood. Though less prominently before the public in Rathbone Place than in Bond Street, Mr. Halsted—long one of the best known and best qualified dealers in works of art—kept up his association with the buyer of English work in drawings and engravings; and with him dies, no doubt, much curious knowledge, especially of the engraved work of Turner. Mr. Halsted knew familiarly, and for years dealt largely in all the engraved work, whether the *Liber Studiorum*, or the *England and Wales*, or the *South Coast*, or the *Ports of England*, or any other of the countless publications which by line engraving, etching, or mezzotint, familiarised the public with the art of the master of landscape. But what he knew best, and was best known by, were the plates of the *Liber Studiorum*. In these he was an expert, and the statement which has been made that he is to be credited with a part of the esteem they now enjoy is probably no exaggeration whatever of the fact. It is likewise true, we believe, that the largest and finest existing collection of *Liber* was in a great measure formed by him. Certainly he possessed and enhanced the price of many fine impressions; furnished Sir John Hoppesley—not to speak of living collectors—with most of his collection, and had great part in the distribution of Mr. Stokes's, the first great collection of *Liber Studiorum*, and of Lord Gosford's, one of the very finest. Nor in the matter of water-colour drawings did Mr. Halsted less belong to the scanty ranks of those dealers who are also veritable connoisseurs. In the time of his maturity—chiefly, no doubt, when his shop was in Bond Street—many of the finest drawings by the chief English landscape painters passed through his hands. The veteran tradesman was known as a well trusted and righteous dealer.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND CO. will

publish shortly a work entitled *Tanagra Figurines*, containing a description of the statuettes lately discovered at Tanagra, together with particulars of the place where they were found and the times to which they belong. It will be illustrated with heliotypes.

THE forthcoming number of the *Etcher* will contain an etching by M. de Gravesande, the well-known Dutch artist. It represents the mouth of the harbour at Dort, to which place the quality of picturesqueness still remains. Mr. Urwick contributes an interesting view of "Old Edinburgh" from the North Bridge.

WE learn from the *Scotsman* that the very valuable and interesting collection of antique glass, collected in the neighbourhood of Rome by the Earl of Northesk, and so long on loan in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, has now been presented by the Earl of Northesk. The value of this gift is greatly enhanced by the fact that the museum has just acquired the costly collection of antique Egyptian, Phœnician-Egypto-Roman, and Greek glass made by the eminent collector, M. Piot, of Paris. These two collections will make the museum especially rich in antique glass; and as it already possesses a good collection of more modern examples, few museums will exceed it in this interesting branch of art industry.

WE have before spoken of the enormous number of works that were sent in from the art schools throughout the kingdom for competition at South Kensington this year. They amounted in all, it is stated, to 140,000, and the number, there is reason to believe, will be exceeded next year. Such an indication of the wide-spreading taste for art in this country is eminently satisfactory, and the more so as much of the work produced in these schools has distinct promise in it for the future. An exhibition is now open at South Kensington of about 1,000 of these designs, including the 270 to which medals and book prizes were awarded. Here it will be seen that a certain progress has been made since the exhibition of last year. Though no work of very striking power has been produced, the general standard of attainment is higher, and everywhere the industry and conscientious application of the students is observable. Among the most noteworthy works in painting is that which has won the gold medal for Miss C. M. Wood, of the Bloomsbury School of Art. This is simply a bunch of pink and white azaleas in a *grès de Flandre* pot, standing on a table with some loose sheets of music and an open fan, against a pale yellow wall. There is no great aim in such a composition, but the difficulties offered by the reflections of the scene in a looking-glass are admirably conquered, and the work undoubtedly deserves the medal it has won for "form and colour," though there are others which come very near to it in their appreciation of these two qualities. In sculpture, or, as it is termed, "modelling applied to structural forms," Mr. A. Garbutt, of the Westminster School, carries off a gold medal for a curious spiral column of fantastic mediæval design, and Mr. Drury another for a nude figure modelled from life. Many are the drawings from antique statues, studies from the life, studies of ornament, designs for mosaic, designs for pottery; but space will not allow us to mention more than some excellent designs for wall papers sent from the Nottingham School, in which the motive of the ornament is taken from climbing plants and flowers. These are admirably treated, the character of the plant being always distinctly preserved in spite of its conventional adaptation. It is to be feared that the inaccessible place in which this collection of designs is exhibited will prevent many from visiting it. It requires, indeed, a great devotion to the interests of art to penetrate through the long hot galleries filled

with models that lead from the entrance of the National Portrait Gallery to the large rooms overlooking the Horticultural Society's gardens, in which these national competition works are displayed.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN AND CO. will publish shortly *American Painters*, with eighty-three examples of their works engraved on wood, by G. W. Sheldon; and *Character Sketches from Dickens*, consisting of six facsimile reproductions of drawings by Fred Barnard, executed in chromo-lithography.

THE works of restoration that have been carried on in the Cathedral of Metz ever since the Franco-German war have this year assumed a still further importance. It has been decided that an entire new roof shall be built, of which the cost, it is estimated, will not be less than 400,000 marks. The painted windows have been the principal subjects of restoration during the present year as well as the arches of the triforium and other parts where the ornamental details had suffered.

THE restoration of the Strassburg Minster is also progressing. An Alsatian journal writes that the gilding of the great doors of the principal entrance has been undertaken by M. Oertier, a Parisian gold-worker, who, with a staff of assistants, has been at work for some time in the cathedral.

A MONOGRAPH on the little town of Carpi, in Modena, has just been put forth by Prof. Hans Semper as a richly illustrated work. Prof. Semper gives the history of this town at the time of the Renaissance, when it was the seat of the distinguished Prince Alberto Pio III., and describes the various monuments of art that it contains. The illustrations are in chromo-lithography, photography, and wood engraving.

THE *Scotsman* announces that Mr. John Hutchison, R.S.A., is now putting the finishing touches to the statue of King Robert the Bruce intended to commemorate the champion of Scottish independence in the town of Lochmaben.

A NEW museum has lately been opened at Lyon. It is devoted entirely to the interests of manufacture, and contains examples of more than five thousand various tissues, both ancient and modern.

THE Bibliothèque Historique of Paris, which consists entirely of works, prints, maps, &c., relating to the history of Paris, has lately been put under a commission. It is now to be opened to the public as a free exhibition on every day of the week in the Hôtel Carnavalet.

A FINE-ART exhibition is to be held shortly in Algiers. M. Turquet, the Under-Secretary of State for Fine Arts, has consented to preside at the opening, and will take this occasion for examining the condition of art in Algeria, and visiting the various art schools and museums.

WE have received from Mr. Erat Harrison a series of six remarkable designs which he has executed in illustration of Charles Kingsley's rendering of Greek myths in *The Heroes*. These designs are reproduced in permanent photography, and published in expensive book form.

THE Grand Prix de Rome for sculpture this year, which had for subject *Tobit Restoring Sight to his Father*, was won by M. Louis Fagol, pupil of M. Cavelier; and the Grand Prix for architecture by M. Auguste Blavette, pupil of M. Gninain. After the award in architecture had been made, a notice was put up in which the Academy expressed its regret at the irrational manner in which many of the competitors had understood the programme prepared for them by the Conservatoire.

A CONSIDERABLE number of provincial exhibitions are now open, or will be opened during the next two months, in France. Among

those announced are the exhibitions of Nevers, Cherbourg, Saint-Quentin, and Montbéliard. This last is to be opened on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Col. Denfert-Rochereau on September 14.

MUSIC.

RECENT MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER AND CO. send us:—*Music Primers: The Violin*. By Berthold Tours. This is an exceedingly plain and practical little work, utility being evidently the object kept in view. Thus no space whatever is devoted to the history of the violin, nor in the chapter on harmonics is there any digression on the subject of acoustics. On the other hand, the exercises and the general directions given are admirable, and if it were possible to learn the violin without personal instruction this would be the book that we should recommend for the purpose. Of course, Mr. Berthold Tours would deprecate any such idea, but, at any rate, his work will take very high rank among the many instruction books for the most difficult, because the least mechanical, of all instruments.—*The Organist's Quarterly Journal*. Edited by Dr. Spark. Parts 42 and 43, for April and July, 1879. The forty-second number of this publication is not a good one. The most important piece is a long and rambling "Marcia Funebre," by Reinhold Succo, of Berlin. A "Postlude," by H. Cardini Cole, ought never to have been accepted by Dr. Spark. Part 43 contains material of higher value. There is a very fine "Postlude" by Henry Smart, consisting of an introduction and *allegro* in E flat, written in symphonic form and with much vigour and musicianly treatment. A brief but spirited *allegro* by the editor may also have a word of praise.—*Marche Solennelle in E flat*. By Charles Gounod. Arranged for piano and harmonium. This is a transcription of a piece for full orchestra, played, if we remember rightly, at one of the Crystal Palace concerts last season. Without possessing any marked originality, it makes an effective piece for the two instruments, the arrangement having been skilfully carried out.—We have also *A Third Set of Sixty Voluntaries*, arranged for the harmonium, by J. W. Elliott, consisting of short selections from various sources suitable for church use in places where the harmonium forms a substitute for the organ.—*Three Songs*, by Frederick Corder, are above the ordinary ballad type. Though mere trifles, they are very tender and poetical in sentiment, and distinguished by modern feeling. The one entitled "Rosamond's Epitaph" is especially pleasing. Mr. Corder is one of the most promising of the younger generation of English musicians.—*Because of Thee*, by Berthold Tours, may be warmly recommended to the notice of tenor singers. It is an expressive and impassioned love song, in style suggestive of Gounod and Blumenthal.—From among some compositions by Stephen S. Stratton, we can only select one as worthy of mention. This is a little piece in rondo form entitled *Musings*, for the pianoforte. In the others the composer evinces a lack of experience in the art of construction.—*Berceuse, Méditation, et Valse*, by Oliver King, are three short piano pieces. In these Mr. King has apparently sought to avoid conventionality. This is commendable in itself, but it is an object not easy of attainment, and, as in the examples before us, it frequently serves as an excuse for laboured progressions. The composer is evidently a sound musician, to whom a word of advice may be of service at this early period of his career. The trifles under notice are carefully written, but they are not pleasing.

WE have received from Messrs. Stanley

Lucas, Weber and Co., *Classical Pieces*, arranged for violin and piano, by Otto Peiniger. These are arrangements from the old masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, including Corelli, Rameau, Handel, and others. They may be commended to the notice of students.

A series of five Italian songs by Filippo Froisi deserve mention as being melodious and elegantly written. Attention may be called to an apparent error in the one entitled *Quando Cadran le Foglie*, where on p. 2, bar four, the accompaniment has C flat against C natural in the voice part. The effect of this is very harsh.

To those in search of tasteful ballads, and who do not object to a dash of melancholy in the words, we may commend a set of four by J. Schönbach. One entitled *The Bride's Welcome* is very pretty. Some songs with English and French or English and German words, by B. Holländer, display excellent musicianship, but are not written with a view to popularity. The words and the music are alike fanciful.

Three Songs by Rosa Guerini are rather above the level usually reached by female composers. They are very pleasing, and the endeavour to impart some interest to the accompaniments deserves much praise. "The Fountain" is the brightest of the three, while "The Young Rose" is the most flowing and elegant. *Sarabande and Intermezzo*, two short and very easy pieces for the piano, by G. J. van Eyken, may be warmly recommended for teaching purposes. They are well written, and the work is evenly divided between the two hands. More advanced players will be pleased with *Chant sans Paroles*, by Tchaikowsky, a piquant trifle in three-four time, with a strongly marked rhythm slightly Hungarian in character.

The Duchess of Connaught's March, arranged as a piano duet, by W. G. Cousins, is of course a *pièce d'occasion*. As such, it is a tolerably brilliant and effective composition, with a leaning towards the ultra-modern school of writing. *Episodes*, by Frederick Westlake, are a series of nine brief sketches for the piano, in various styles, and almost uniformly pleasing. There is a large amount of musicianship in these trifles, the longest of which is only fifty-two bars. *Rondo Grazioso*, by J. Baptiste Calkin, also merits approval as a sound and excellent piece of pianoforte music, having in its suave, flowing phrases rather the manner of Sterndale Bennett.

Operatic fantasias are not as a rule commendable, but two pieces based on themes from *Der Freischütz* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* respectively, by Alexandre Billet, may be named as favourable examples of the kind. They are of very moderate difficulty. The following songs, which we have not space to notice separately, are within the scope of amateur vocalists, and at the same time are unobjectionable in a musician's sense:—"Tis Joy, 'tis Life to Me, and 'Tis Sweet to Win a Smile, by Stephen Kemp; *When the Gorse is in Bloom*, by Eaton Fanning; *Withered Violets*, and *May Song*, by R. Harvey Löhr; *The Tambourine Player*, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew; *Regret*, by P. Bucalossi; and *The Maiden at the Hostel*, by Rosetta Vinning.

Ländler, op. 152, für das pianoforte. Von Carl Reinecke. (Metzler and Co.) The compositions of Herr Reinecke, embracing work in many departments of the art, are comparatively little known in this country. As conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, however, Herr Reinecke occupies a prominent position in Germany, and anything proceeding from his pen deserves respectful attention. These *Ländler* are seven in number, all in three-four time, but varying in pace. They are united so as to form a continuous piece, and in style are somewhat akin to Schumann. *Semper Fidelis* and *Morning Chimes*, by Edouard Dorn, are the most meritorious among several pieces of light drawing-room pianoforte music. *Sixteen Soft Organ Voluntaries*, edited by J. E. Richardson. This is a useful series of easy pieces by various

living composers. Among the most interesting numbers may be named an *andante* in D by Sir Frederick Ouseley, one in E flat by Dr. Stegall, and an *andante pastorale* in G by Dr. Longhurst. From a large number of songs we give preference to the following:—*A Shadow Only* and *The Old Trysting Tree*, by Berthold Tours; and *Rest, Weary Heart*, by Luigi Arditi. We have also received the vocal score of *The Spectre Knight*, by Alfred Cellier, an operetta recently performed at the Opéra Comique Theatre. The libretto is whimsical enough, and the music, though unpretentious, is bright and tuneful.

Three Diversions for the Pianoforte. By Sterndale Bennett. (Ashdown and Parry.) These little works were originally composed as duets, the arrangement for two hands having been accomplished by Mr. Arthur O'Leary. The rule against meddling with the written thoughts of a composer is a judicious one, and any departure therefrom should be judged critically and sternly. In the present instance no words of condemnation need be uttered. Mr. O'Leary's task has been well and reverently carried out, and Bennett's graceful trifles have not suffered injury in the process. The pieces are exceedingly simple, but they require handling with delicacy, and will serve admirably for teaching purposes. *Six Pieces for the Organ*. By E. Silas. Although much organ music is now issued from the press, a very small proportion of it is of any interest except to organists in quest of suitable "voluntaries." These works of Mr. Silas are higher in aim, and merit more careful consideration. No. 1, an *andante non troppo* in G minor, is an expressive piece, and No. 2, a march in B flat, is elaborate and effective. The rest are not so readily calculated to win popularity, though all are well written and unconventional in the best sense of the term. The composer has avoided the undue lightness and frivolity of the French school of organ music, while preserving a certain independence of thought and a due regard to the requirements of contemporaneous musical development.

Trente petites Pièces, pour le piano, par Henri Reber, op. 36. *Vingt Sérénades, pour le piano*, par Théodore Ganz. (Paris: Richault et Cie.) M. Reber is a veteran musician. Born in 1807, he has pursued a lengthy and honourable career in Paris as teacher and composer, although his published works have failed to attain any position beyond his native country. The reason of this is, without doubt, his lack of melodic power. Compositions, of whatever class, which are deficient in the divine gift of melody, make no appeal to the heart even if they satisfy the intellect. These bagatelles of M. Reber contain some excellent ideas, cleverly treated, but they are wanting in spontaneity. M. Ganz has also achieved a distinguished name in France. He is now sixty years of age, and has resided in Paris for upwards of thirty years. His works include several symphonies, quartets, sonatas, and other instrumental pieces in classical form. This volume of serenades is a collection of examples published at various periods and now brought together for the first time. Though unequal in merit the pieces are generally well written, and some of them are exceedingly piquant and effective. They are advanced in style, and without exception appeal to pianists of high executive ability.

We are compelled to leave unnoticed a large number of compositions possessing no distinguishing features, and therefore unlikely to gain any durable position in the musical world. To review every new publication presented to our notice would be a task alike arduous and unprofitable. In the foregoing the endeavour has been to draw attention to the most deserving efforts in each department of musical art.

HENRY F. FROST.

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